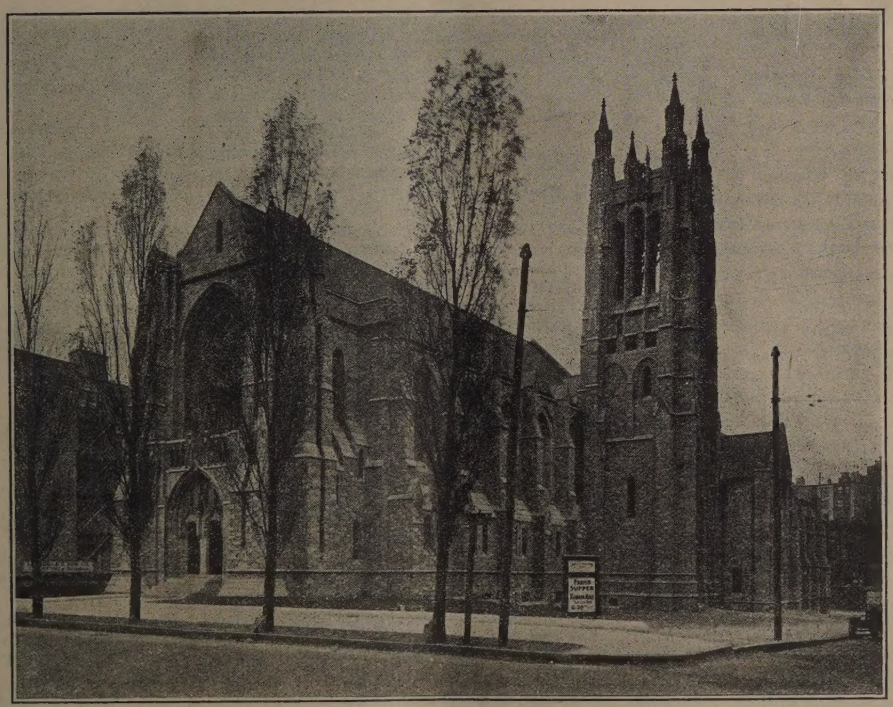
The Universalist Leader

Boston November 28, 1925 Chicago



Church of the Redemption, Boston

(See page 11)

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

Editor

John van Schaick, Jr.

Editorial Assistants

Florence I. Adams.

Dorothy Hall.

Literary Editor

Granville Hicks.

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 8, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

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THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 107th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVIII | No. 48

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

THE WORLD COURT

RELIGIOUS groups generally, throughout the country, have adopted resolutions favoring adherence to the World Court. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the General Ministerial Assembly, the United Society of Christian Endeavor, the Church Peace Union, the Protestant Episcopal Church, the American Unitarian Association, the Northern and Southern Baptist Conventions, the General Conference, Religious Society of Friends and the Missionary Societies of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Evangelical Churches, and the Universalist Church, have taken action.

The Senate agreed last March, by a vote of seventy-seven to two, to begin consideration of the World Court on Dec. 17. There is much support for the Court in official circles and throughout the country. The House of Representatives (which does not usually urge action upon the Senate) passed a resolution last spring expressing its "earnest desire" for early adherence to the World Court on the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge terms. Recent informal polls of the Senate indicate that on a record vote the requisite two-thirds of the Senate would vote "Aye." President Coolidge has repeatedly endorsed the adherence of the United States to the World Court. He was reported by the *New York Times* last summer as saying that he will call for affirmative action on the World Court this winter "in no uncertain terms." In his great address last week in New York, he said: "Mindful of our determination to avoid all interference in the political affairs which do not concern us of other nations, I can think of no more reassuring action than the declaration of America that it will whole-heartedly join with others in the support of the tribunal of international justice which they have created. . . . It would be the beginning of a new world spirit."

Throughout the country there is evidence of strong popular desire for settlement of the question in the Senate. Even those opposed to the Court itself feel that the matter should be fully debated and voted upon. After all, it has been almost three years since President Harding first urged the adherence of the United States to the World Court.

Most of the larger cities and countless towns and villages are planning to hold community mass meetings before Dec. 17 for the purpose of obtaining an expression of public opinion on this important question. Boston, Rochester, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Denver, Boise and Pocatello (Idaho), Portland, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles are a few of the cities in which World Court meetings are under way.

The *Universalist Leader* asks all Universalists to co-operate.

* *

THE CHURCHMAN AND AN ENDOWMENT

THE *Churchman*, a national weekly journal of the Episcopal Church, has begun a campaign for an endowment fund of $250,000.

"Since the days when the present staff came to the paper with Wm. Austin Smith eight years ago," says a recent editorial, "they have found religious journalism a disturbing and thrilling adventure. The religious journals of America have never been adequately capitalized, nor have they been properly supported by their church constituencies." The story of struggle and adventure is being told in a series of historical articles. The editor somewhat whimsically remarks, "The insecurity enjoyed by past editors and publishers is, in the face of the fact that the paper is still lustily alive, reassuring to the present staff."

However bravely and cheerfully it faces yearly deficits the *Churchman* has done what any forward-looking religious weekly must do, go out after enough endowment to insure stability and permanence. The *Leader* started out quietly along this same line within a month after the present editor took hold. We do not propose to work at it quietly much longer. We do not warn good causes to get out of the way, for one of our first tasks is to back them up persistently. But we should consider ourselves false to our churches, our colleges, our seminaries and all our other agencies of service if we did not provide for the *Leader* to go on efficiently.

The campaign of the *Churchman* therefore appeals to us. It represents a movement we all must join.

As much as colleges, we need endowments. Tuition fees can not begin to pay professors and provide laboratories. Subscription rates can not begin to pay editors and writers and take care of production

costs. We don't want to get where struggle becomes unnecessary, but where we can do better work.

The campaign of the *Churchman* appeals to us also because of what the *Churchman* is. It holds up the banner of the liberals of the Episcopal Church, and there are a host of them. It gives a mighty push forward every week to the ideas and efforts of constructive Christianity. It fights autocracy in church, in state, in business, in labor. It is one of the sanest and one of the strongest of the agencies working for world peace.

In so far as we can help the *Churchman* and in so far as they need us or can use us, we are back of this new campaign.

* *

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL RELIEF

THE Commission on National and International Relief, Dr. George E. Huntley, chairman, calls our attention to three matters especially important at this juncture. One is the Red Cross Roll Call now in progress; the second is Golden Rule Sunday, Dec. 6, when every family in the country is asked to eat a Golden Rule dinner and give the money saved to the orphans of the Near East now finding a safe refuge in Greece, and to make generous contributions through church and Sunday school to the Near East Relief Work; the third is the sale of Christmas seals for the benefit of the movement against tuberculosis.

These all are great movements. In all Universalists have taken an honorable part. All should have our united support.

* *

MEMORIALS

ON the campus of Cornell University, Ithaca, and on the very edge of the high plateau overlooking the city and the lovely valley in which it lies, the students of geology have erected a memorial to a beloved teacher which is a model of what such things ought to be.

The memorial is a huge boulder deposited there in glacial drift centuries ago. The front of it is carved to make a seat, from which the busy student, as he drops into it for a moment and turns his back upon the teeming life of the university so near to him, gets a far view.

On the back of the boulder is set a plate bearing these words: "Ralph Stockman Tarr, 1864-1912. Scientist, Writer, Teacher. Symbolical of His Researches in Glacial Geology and of the Enduring Value of His Work."

* *

NATHANIELOZ GETS HIS CHANCE

THE Rev. Theodore Fischer, D. D., of New Haven reports an interesting instance of co-operation. Twenty-five representatives of different denominations in New Haven, Hartford, Waterbury, Springfield and other places have pledged $100 a year to send the Rev. Clarence Nathanieloz back to Ceylon as a missionary.

Nathanieloz is the son and grandson of Singalese Christians. He graduated from Yale with the degree of *magna cum laude*. For five and one-half years he has been pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in New Haven, which has prospered under his intelligent and consecrated leadership. All this time he has been seeking a chance to do work in Ceylon.

Now various Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Universalists have formed a committee of which Dean Brown of Yale is chairman to support him in the work.

This is an example of intelligent service, of fine co-operation, and of the Christianity Jesus himself would recognize and approve.

* *

WHY WE CHEERED SPEIGHT

NO speaker at the General Convention in Syracuse received a more cordial welcome than Dr. Harold E. B. Speight, Unitarian, minister of King's Chapel in Boston. As he proceeded in his address, he was cheered. When he finished, the audience spontaneously and enthusiastically arose and cheered him to the echo. Part of this was due no doubt to the charm of his personality, to his transparent honesty, to his deep and contagious enthusiasm for the truths he was enunciating. But back of this lay another reason more fundamental. He was stating the true liberal gospel for to-day. It did not contradict the gospel for an earlier day. It supplemented it.

His address was on "The Spirit of Our Liberal Churches." It was published practically in full, in the *Universalist Leader* of Nov. 7. If we have our way it will be made available in pamphlet form.

In substance the message was "speak the truth," as we have been trying to do throughout our history, but "speak the truth in love."

Followers of Channing and Ballou, of Murray and Parker, as we are, the injunction to declare fully all the truth we can discover and to search for more truth, always has met with a glad response among us.

The things that Dr. Speight urged upon us as our duty for to-day was to go on speaking the truth, but with a new spirit of love.

What he was opposing was the appeal we keep hearing in some quarters, to be more militant in our preaching, to attack doctrines which we can not hold, to fight tooth and nail what we deem to be error.

In his opinion, we can get support for this kind of thing but we will lose enormously by failing to exhibit that spirit of tolerance and love which belongs to consistent liberalism.

Too often liberals are intolerant. "While we are busy," he says, "denouncing the racial bigotry and religious intolerance of the Ku Klux Klan and the fundamentalist program, which threaten our guaranteed liberties, we must beware of their equivalent in our midst. The world is not content to listen to our exposition of Christianity in modern terms and our application of this liberal Christianity to the needs of living men; it is watching very closely whether along with what we believe to be new truth we are also contributing a new spirit."

A better test of true Christianity even than loyalty to the naked truth *per se*, is loyalty to the spirit of breadth, insight, tolerance, kindness, love, so truly exemplified by Jesus. The great reason why liberals

should strive for this spirit is because it is a right spirit and because in the last analysis the influence of liberal churches depends on how they show it to a watching world.

But there is a second reason. Dr. Speight says that "it is imperative to face this challenging test of true liberalism because to-day we are not the only apostles God has raised up to bear witness to the larger faith and the larger hope."

Dr. Fosdick "is speaking not only *to* but *for*" a great company of people.

"There is already in being a great Free Church which transcends all sects."

We can not draw a line, for example, between Baptists and Congregationalists. We have to draw it between some Baptists and Congregationalists on one side and some Baptists and some Congregationalists on the other side.

Nobody can tell how or when progressive churches will draw together in a new organization. One definite contribution we can make is the contribution of understanding what is happening, and appreciating the services of liberals in other churches.

Where some of us fail is in attempting to define liberalism in terms of doctrine. To this Dr. Speight makes a ringing reply:

> Brethren, be not deceived! Define liberalism in terms of doctrine and you are soon hopelessly floundering in the morass of theological contention from which it is our privilege to rescue others. Liberalism is not a position but an attitude; it can be defined not so much by saying where we stand as by saying which way we are headed. In the great liberal movement I have had in mind to-night there are men of many different backgrounds and men whose experience has varied greatly. They are united not in what they can say about their faith, but in what their faith leads them to do. Their fellowship with one another, and ours with them, counts for more with them and us than differences we might discover if we began to seek a single satisfactory statement of faith. Fellowship is first because it concerns the way we live together; doctrine is secondary not because it matters little whether men think straight (I am not foolish enough to say that) but because for the liberal doctrine is derived from life.

* *

THE AUTUMN BOOK LISTS

FOR the man or woman who is interested in books the autumn is the truly exciting period of the year, for it is after the summer's dullness that the publishers flood the markets. For novels, of course, the weeks just before Christmas are a season of profusion, though novels are always being published, even in the summer, when they are all "light summer fiction," thus perpetuating the greatest summer fiction of all, namely, that the warm months are no time for serious reading. The spring also brings forth a multiplicity of new books, but it is the autumn that witnesses the major harvest.

Of the autumn crop of novels we can report little or nothing, for we have had small opportunity to examine the recent additions to American fiction. Miss Cather's "The Professor's House" and Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Nephew" seem to have pleased the critics most, though a number of translated novels have received generous attention. "Caravan," the admirable collection of Galsworthy's short stories, ranks with the best sellers. Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter" is reputed to combine much that is good in both his earlier and his later manner. Theodore Dreiser, for the first time in a decade, has a new book advertised.

Poetry's chief representative this autumn is Amy Lowell's "What's o'Clock," the product of the four years prior to her death, a volume rich in noble and beautiful verse, offering blossoms exotic and blossoms unpretentious all miraculously from the same New England root. But Miss Lowell by no means has the field to herself. She must grant small portions of it to Countee Cullen, Steve Benet, Maxwell Anderson, and Irwin Edman, young poets but important ones. And there is also Vachel Lindsay's new edition of his collected poems.

Richest autumn crop of all, however, is biography. Lord Grey has easily won first place in this field, but Thomas Marshall bids fair to be a worthy rival. Gamaliel Bradford, analyzer of souls, has a new book, "Wives," and the new biography also finds a representative in Don Seitz, who has found time amidst his duties on the *World* to write about "Unusual Americans." Generals Bullard and Harbord have told what they know about the war, and we shall expect more information concerning that catastrophe when the third volume of Page's letters is issued. Iconoclast, Ramsay MacDonald's biographer, has turned her attention to Margaret Bondfield, and William Allen White has announced that he intends to follow his book on Wilson with a book on Coolidge. Judge Gary and Henry Ford are also contemporary figures who have discovered their Boswells or whose Boswells have discovered them. Aaron Burr is the subject of a two-volume study, and Catherine the Great receives the attention of a lesser Katherine whose last name is Anthony. All in all biography is flourishing, and in most of it the critical spirit which the present fashion demands is evident.

Books on religion and related themes are not supplied us in the same quantity. Santayana's "Dialogues in Limbo" is an event both in literature and philosophy. The translation of Rohde's "Psyche" after much too long a delay, and the more prompt translation of Klausner's "Jesus of Nazareth" are gratifying. Kirsopp Lake's popular little book, "The Religion of Yesterday and To-morrow," stimulates by keen analysis and clever epigram. Sperry's "Reality in Worship" is one of the most fundamental discussions of religious problems in recent years. We have not read Lord Charnwood's book on the Fourth Gospel, but we are looking forward to it with interest as well as with surprise at this new venture of the biographer of Abraham Lincoln.

Sociology, psychology, economics—but why continue the list? Read the literary sections of the newspapers for yourselves, and if you're like us you'll soon be making lists of the books you want to read—when you get time. After all, despite the fact that the greater part of the fall crop is rotten or stunted or without caloric value, there's more mental food than most of us can digest.

G. H.

Cruising Close By

V A Day Up Heathen

Johannes

ON Schoharie County, New York, the hills, as I have said, have an altitude of from 1,200 to 3,000 feet and are classified with the Catskill Mountain system. The higher peaks of the Catskills are only forty or fifty miles away. In the southern half of the county these hills are wild and rugged, and divided by deep wooded valleys, down which run cold mountain brooks—ideal places for trout. When we were growing up these streams were "all fished out." In recent years the State Conservation Commission has been restocking them, and they now afford better fishing than many places widely advertised.

It is not easy to make clear to city people or to farmers in some sections of our country, the remoteness of some of these gulleys, gorges and hill tops. The roads are so steep, rough and narrow that only the best drivers attempt them. At some seasons of the year they can not be traveled at all except on foot or with the wisest old hill-top horses. In winter they blow full of snow and people have to get out the best way they can, generally over fields where the snow has not lodged so deep. But for sheer beauty, for magnificent views, for the rejuvenation of tired men and women, they are unsurpassed. For tramping and climbing they are all that any ordinary athletic man wants. And for fishing, the streams are not at all bad.

In our valley at Cobleskill, we live on the main line of the railway and at the junction of two important state roads. There is a continual sweep of motor traffic east and west. When the new state road now under construction is completed, the valley will have a quick connection with the Great Western Turnpike from Albany to Buffalo, which passes seven miles to the north, and with the Mohawk Valley roads twenty miles away.

On the railroad there is incessant activity—for the line is a direct route from the coal fields about Scranton and Wilkesbarre to New England and northern New York.

Two, three and four engines haul these trains over the heavy grades of our county. And a new super-engine now rushes by doing the work of two or three ordinary locomotives.

In contrast with this activity is the peace of the deep woods and deserted streams not far away.

Recently I had a day's fishing up Heathen Creek—a memorable experience.

To begin with, the day was one of the few days of the year when it was perfectly clear, when every particle of dust had been washed out of the air and there was no haze. Every leaf and twig stood out with startling distinctness. Objects far away seemed near.

Then Heathen Creek was new to me. All my life I had passed near its mouth, seven miles from our village, but I never had turned up that gorge.

My brother George, who lives in Rochester, came early with his motor. George is a lawyer who in recent months has become the most enthusiastic fisherman I have ever seen. Although he weighs considerably over two hundred pounds he tramps the wildest and most difficult streams. This day he was giving his two daughters, sturdy, healthy, happy girls of eleven and thirteen, their first taste of trout fishing.

Our route was west two miles on the state road, south five miles over a mountain and down a narrow wooded valley, and then west up Heathen, probably not over five or six miles from mouth to source. But what miles they were!

Our valley is a little over 900 feet high, and the mountain road we took carried us up a thousand feet higher, over what we call Warnerville Hill—where we almost always can get an extensive view up and down the valley of the Cobleskill and frequently, as on this trip, far away over the valley of the Mohawk.

I have had to travel considerably in various parts of the world to appreciate the true magnificence of the scenery of my native county. It is that way with many of us. The glamour rests on the thing far away. In our case, some of the teachers we had used to say: "Oh, these are just little hills. Real mountains are something much more magnificent." It is not, I am convinced, the affection I feel for the scenes of my childhood which makes me declare that more beautiful or satisfying scenery can not be found anywhere. Dark valleys almost under one, blue ridges stretching far away, distant peaks of the Adirondacks, Green Mountains, Berkshires or Catskills, famous in song and story, the ridges, hills and plateaus near by, glimpses here and there of streams or ponds, well tilled farms, abandoned farms, wild woods, and thriving villages—all are included in the scenery of old Schoharie County. None of these phrases or all of them combined seem adequate to describe it.

On the top of Warnerville Hill we were on the shoulder of old Petersburg Mountain, 2,311 feet high. That is where we sometimes sleep out under the stars.

Here we started at the source of Hause Creek and followed it down to its junction with Heathen. Even the head waters of a little trout stream have about them a distinct geographical interest. They form one of the places of beginning more often thought about farther along. The road was narrow and my brother pulled his big closed Buick up short or off to one side more than once when we met some one, for this was "a county road" to some of the southern towns, but still used because it is shorter, although state roads farther east now lead around to the same region.

The place where we turned off this road and up "Heathen" is called Vintonton—a hamlet fallen into decay. When I was a young schoolmaster of sixteen, I spoke here at a Teachers' Picnic attended by thousands. Then there was a store, a post office, and

many more farms under cultivation. Now the place is nearly deserted.

My brother drove up Heathen Creek on a road even narrower, a distance of two or three miles, until the stream forked. We passed two log cabins, abandoned, and one of them fallen down. We reached finally a farm house, also abandoned, and got the car out of the road and in a safe place. Here we established camp on the edge of the woods, at the foot of a steep pasture and at the junction of the two brooks.

Then we separated to fish. My brother's main ambition was to have each girl catch a trout, and he realized it.

I did not press the inquiry as to whether they caught them on flies or worms. I know we had worms present, and I know the trout were not rising to flies. I know also we had trout for lunch.

Before lunch, however, I explored the south branch of Heathen—up a rocky gorge, through deep woods, over old trees and tops which here and there made natural bridges from one bank to another of the ravine. It was the hardest kind of tramping, now in the water, now up the steep hillside, to get through, but the way led by little dark pools, just flecked with sunshine, past tiny water-falls, through masses of jewelweed and over lichens and mosses undisturbed for many a year. All the way the little stream sang its song. Though in the open the sun beat down fiercely, the August heat did not penetrate this cool, dark retreat.

As to fish—little need be said. I fish to fish. I cast a few times and pulled out a few little ones, but put them all back but two. I have learned that before touching them one must dip his hand into water, that the alien touch may not injure the delicate skin. It was fun to see them released without injury and darting away.

Though the waters of the county have been stocked with brook, rainbow and German brown trout, in this stream they were the brook. Active, powerful, gamey, beautiful, delicious—no wonder the trout is such a favorite.

When I reached the head of the gorge and came out into the open, I found myself in a high pasture which soon led to an extensive plateau. I came to a meeting place of several roads, and learned that it was Fairland. Off to the south there were clear views of the main peaks of the Catskills. Near by was the valley up which I had come and another beautiful valley called Dibble Hollow. To my surprise I learned that my way had led back to within two or three miles of the farm to which we often go summers and which I described a week ago. That is the most fascinating thing about a broken, hilly country. One never gets to the end of things to do. One always meets with some fresh geographical surprise. There are so many valleys and each one leads to others.

It was quick work getting back to our temporary camp. And it was quicker work to collect wood, make a fire and get dinner going. There were stones for a hundred fire-places. There was fuel to keep us going all winter. And there was food enough. George, a famous chef, cleaned the fish. He had caught the big ones. We divided the work up. He did the fried ones. I did the broiled ones. We all did the bacon, the girls toasting it on the end of long sticks. After such a morning, a delicious trout or a slice of bacon clapped between two slices of bread makes a sandwich unequaled. The fourth Earl of Sandwich, who started the custom of eating sandwiches that he might take food without stopping his game of cards, never could have gone on with cards after such sandwiches as we had.

While we ate we talked over our experiences, our victories, our defeats, where we were, and how we liked it. Not one other vehicle passed up or down the road all day. We were alone. It was a great change, a great relief.

The others fished in the afternoon, but I tramped —taking the other side of the main gorge. I went in the abandoned red farm house—upstairs and down —a ten room house. Nothing was left but a coat hanging in an upstairs room, some bags of herbs also hung up, an overturned chair and what I took to be a reel used to wind yarn after it had been spun. Who had lived there, where they had gone, or why they had abandoned what must have been a comfortable home, one could only guess. Had it been death or taxes, accident or illness, or had it been a better chance in some other valley out near the state road? The old apple tree bore its fruit near the side door, the last of the tiger lilies were in bloom, but no hand gathered the fruit, no eye saw the beauty of the flowers. Up the steep hill back of the house, I soon saw evidences that all was not forsaken or neglected here. It had been reforested. The young pines were growing luxuriantly. They stood so close in places I had difficulty getting through. In other places there was room between for grass, for flowers, for the lovely sunshine.

At the top of the hill there were several of these bushy dark pines completely encircled with everlasting flowers. It seemed almost as if they had been planted by a human hand. The contrast between the white blossoms and the dark evergreens was vivid.

And the new life of these vigorous young trees, the unfading green of their leaves, and the flowers around them that do not die, all helped remove the impressions of decay I had received in the old house. Down in the gorge, the farm had seemed abandoned. Up on the heights I found out the truth.

Many of these abandoned farms are now being reforested. The State of New York is helping in the work.

Before we got out of the valley of the Heathen we had to extricate another car.

The driver, also a fisherman, had pulled out in a wrong place. Down the car went until it threatened to tip over.

George walked after a farmer some distance away.

The farmer came, driving a sagacious old team that acted as if it had seen many a load stuck and many another upset. The farmer had hidden close by in the bushes a pile of "prys." He ran one through the doors of the car, tied it fast and put George and me to bear down on the upper side—George with weight and I with good will. Together we held the car while the horses drew it out backward. Then we went home feeling like Good Samari-

tans, heroes of an adventure, recipients of an illuminating experience.

But we could not have gone by and reached home without extricating the car. If only we knew it, none of us can ever get far, with some one else stuck in a ditch.

Philosophizing, as is the way of fishermen, we agreed that no such stream ever should have been named Heathen. Crystal clear, cold, life-giving, beautiful, whoever gave it such a name?

Heathen means a person belonging to a nation that rejects the true God.

In every drop of its water, in every musical murmur, in every leap and tumble, as it rushes out of the hills, obeying the laws of its being, Heathen Creek praises the true God.

And as for the other definition of heathen, "rude," "uncultivated," "irreligious," "hoydenish," men may sink to that, but never a little brook.

If one argues that the heathen people living on it gave it a name, I can not dispute them. All I know is that the only man we met that day up Heathen Creek came with his horses, his prys, his tackle, his real engineering skill and his good will, to drag a fellow man out of the ditch, and didn't want to take any payment for his time.

Following the General Superintendent

A Proposal and a Challenge

John Smith Lowe

A STOP off in Detroit is always an event. The word "stop" is used advisedly and in its relative sense only. Nothing stops in this automotive city. Things may pause momentarily, but the temporary halt is merely a feverish eddy in a rapidly forward-moving, onrushing stream of life. The growth in population never falters night or day. It leaps to the million mark and rushes on past it without a flutter. Detroit claims to be the fastest growing city in the world. The price of real estate goes soaring upward so fast the figures, quoted by enthusiastic citizens, make one dizzy. Buy almost anything in Detroit, hold it for a few years, and you are rich by the unearned increment that comes to you.

I know of no city in the United States whose outward aspect changes more rapidly than that of the "motor city." I was there in July attending the best Y. P. C. U. Convention that has been held in twenty years. I photographed what I saw on my mind so as to recognize the place on the occasion of my next visit, but when I arrived there last week the picture was all broken up with new skyscraping buildings on every hand. Right in the vicinity of our church on Cass Street, not more than three to five blocks away, no less than a half dozen huge structures are under way.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Ford announced new models for all of his cars. All the improvements go for the same old price. In fact, the only thing I can think of, off hand, in Detroit that is not on the move is the price of a Ford car. That seems to be stationary. As I stepped from the train I picked up a copy of the *Free Press*, and paid two cents for it. When you can buy all the paper I got that morning for two cents, it is almost free any way. Right on the front page I read this staggering announcement in headlines: "Ford Workers number 178,216. New high mark set with 16,000 added in five months and 26,000 in the past year." Can you digest those figures? I confess I can not. They give me mental dyspepsia. The men at the Church of Our Father that night made the matter still worse by telling me, in the most matter-of-fact manner possible, that Ford has raised his output recently to over nine thousand cars a day and will soon reach the ten thousand mark, without being able to supply the demand at that figure.

Evidently the change in model has been popular and has resulted in an increase of business. Next thing we know the Ford air "flivver" will be with us, for Mr. Ford is working on it. One of these days, in addition to the smoke-laden atmosphere that hangs like a pall over our American cities, the air will be all cluttered up with flying machines. The birds of the air will have to get together and enact traffic rules and set aside restricted zones, or they will be put to it for safety in their accustomed sphere as seriously as pedestrians are now on the earth.

The moral seems to be, if you would increase business, if you would have things coming your way, make some changes; introduce a new style or model; do something different; get out of the beaten track; blaze a new trail; start on a different line; be original; exercise initiative.

If such a policy is a good idea in business, why isn't it an equally good thing in the church as well? The more one studies the life of Jesus, the more one becomes convinced that he was an introducer of innovations in the realm of religion. His thought was new, his methods of approach to men were different, so new and different in fact that even his followers are still trailing along far behind him.

Two years ago Dr. Frank Adams went to Detroit, this non-stop municipality, to become the minister of our church known as the Church of Our Father. Those who heard him preach the occasional sermon at Syracuse will admit he is a strong preacher. He is also a vigorous, progressive thinker, who dares to make a venture. It was a man who was not afraid to try out a new idea who discovered America. The men who make up the board of stewards or trustees in the Church of Our Father are men of this stamp. I sat in with them the other night while they unfolded their plans of daring and courage for the future.

It was perfectly clear that they believe in a "change of models" as a means of getting results in church work. The city of Detroit doesn't stop; our church can not afford to stop. That seemed to be

the thought in every mind. They were thinking so fast it was hard to keep up with them. The spirit or virus of the automotive city has gotten into their blood. "I tell you," said Dr. Adams, "what these fellows need is four wheel brakes. They are getting out from under my control." More power to them is really the word. We can stand a lot of fast progressive thinking and planning in our midst without running into the necessity of putting on the brakes.

They have been making ventures in the Church of Our Father for the last two years, and their ventures have brought forth fruit sixty and one hundred fold. The congregations during the first few weeks of Dr. Adams' pastorate were numbering around sixty or seventy people. A little pressure was turned on. Some daring plans were put into operation and the audiences have gone to an average of two hundred and fifty.

Now another "change in models" is proposed. I am not going to give the story of all that is contemplated, but suffice it to say that the program as a whole is ambitious. One item in it will do for the present and it has a dramatic touch to it. I am passing it on at once because there is too much merit in the scheme to allow it to begin and end in Detroit. I got hold of the central idea and a few of the details somewhat hurriedly and my embellishment of the narrative may not be strictly accurate in every particular, but in the main the facts as set forth herewith will hold water.

Mr. James B. Replagle of Detroit is a chemist and inventor. He has a private laboratory of his own. Notice, he is an inventor. An inventor is one who tries out new ideas. He is an introducer of innovations. Mr. Replagle was talking one evening with a Masonic friend who happened to be a Universalist. Possibly it just happened that they were talking together and then again perhaps it didn't just happen. You never can tell about such things. Any way, religion came up as the topic of conversation. Mr. Replagle's friend told him about his Universalist faith and about the Church of Our Father. Mr. Replagle was keenly interested. His remark was: "That is what I believe. I had about made up my mind to start a church myself to teach this sort of doctrine." He did not wait for Sunday to come but called Dr. Adams on the telephone the next day. He and Dr. Adams had an interview and the next Sunday he was at church. A year ago he joined the church. Here ordinarily this story would terminate; instead it was only the beginning. All too often when we get a man up to the point where he joins the church we have reached the climax; that is the end. We have got him in and that is enough. It was not the end in this case. But this is not an ordinary story. Mr. Replagle was not content just to be in. He is an inventor, remember. He had found something new and, all keyed up over it, he wanted to do something about it.

He sought out the church leaders and unloaded a new idea on them. "We have a great idea here and a man who knows how to present it to the public," was the way he went at it. "It is our business to put both the man and the idea over in a big way. I propose that we start a Modernist Bible Class for men." The very name, with all this talk in the newspapers and magazines about Modernism, catches the imagination at once.

A cold shoulder turned to this man at that moment, on the ground that he was a wild enthusiast, would have turned him away. It was not a cold shoulder that he received, but a warm reception instead. A Modernist Bible Class Committee of live men was appointed at once with Mr. Replagle as chairman. To his committee he unfolded his plan, and what I want my readers to get above all else is that the merit of his program lies not only in the thing aimed at, but in the size and daring of it. He is going after a class of men numbering five or six hundred. Nothing short of that interests him.

Here is the denouement of his scheme. I am quoting the substance of his talk as the men gave it to me that night. I am sorry to say I did not meet Mr. Replagle. "The whole country is stirred up over this Modernist controversy in the religious world. The result is an unprecedented interest in the Bible and in religion on the part of the general public. Newspapers and magazines are devoting whole pages of space to the subject. Everybody is talking about it. The iron is hot for some one to strike. Let us do the striking. Thinking people are taking notice and the great majority of them are interested in the Modernist view of the Bible and religion. They want and they will respond to a national presentation of the subject. They will take our viewpoint if we only get it over to them while the time is ripe. Take my own case. You know how quickly I came through once you accidentally got a line on me. I was all ready to be caught and put to work, but no one was fishing for me. I was caught by chance. But why wait on chance and accidental contacts when we have what the world wants? I am not a white blackbird in the great flock of humans floating around out there in this big city. There are many more of my kind to be had; our job is to go and get them and do it now. They are there waiting for us."

Mr. Replagle and his committee outlined plans. They are about to put them into action. Mr. Replagle has made up a mailing list of 3,000 men. That sounds like a "big noise" at the outset, to quote Dr. Nash of California. "Where did he get the names?" you ask. From the telephone book and the city directory and from other sources. It is made up of doctors, teachers, bankers, business men, lawyers, architects, musicians and the like. The plan calls for the purchasing of an addressograph and other equipment for handling a mailing list of this kind with speed and efficiency. Gripping letters will be sent out to these men announcing the organization of the "Modernist Bible Class" at the Church of Our Father. Follow up letters will be sent out every week, of one kind to those who have put in an appearance and of a different kind to those who have not responded. The list will be expanded through contact with those who sign up and more letters will be sent out. It will be a constantly developing organization. The men in the class, as it grows, will be organized to push the movement.

Now then, brethren, here is a mighty idea and a big challenge that comes in the "nick of time." But

it is too good for us to allow it to stop in Detroit. Mr. Replagle is stepping fast but I'm going to go him one better. Why not a *chain of Modernist Bible Classes* over the entire country and throughout our whole church? If Mr. Replagle is right in saying that there are more of his kind in Detroit, it is equally true that our towns and cities over the nation are full of men waiting for some one to start just such a movement. Let us go after them, not merely with the idea in mind of getting them—such a motive is beneath us—but for the purpose of being of real service to them. And let us do it right away. Why, indeed, do we wait for chance and accident to bring us into contact with this army of thinking men out there in the crowd?

A chain of Modernist Bible Classes in every church in our fellowship and in places where we have no churches! Do you rise to the challenge? The Detroit plan of procedure is good enough to follow in other places. Here is a real job for the new Department of Men's Work, engineered by the National Laymen's Committee at Syracuse. These Modernist Bible Classes could be organized into a national fellowship under the direction of the Department of Men's Work. They could train leaders of their own and work out an exchange of leaders between towns and cities. Last, but not least, they could go to Hartford two years from now when the General Convention meets there and stage a big demonstration of Modernist Bible Class methods and activities that would make the country at large take notice.

Judge Hill has already been talking about men's Bible classes and his Laymen's Committee has made suggestions along this line. Here is his suggestion reduced to a definitely crystallized form for him.

We have before us a timely, commanding, clean-cut challenge to do a big constructive piece of work. The iron is hot. The hour has struck. The door of opportunity is wide open before us. Shall we go to it? Will you put some of your time, your energy, your knowledge, and some of your money into it? What do you say?

Our Prayers Together

Sunday, December 6

Go forward and do your work in a brave way. Your work will be estimated by men. Sometimes their estimate will be true, sometimes false, but never mind. You will sometimes be misunderstood, but never mind, go forward. You are responsible to God, and not men. Your motives will be misinterpreted sometimes, but do not worry. There are two who know what your motives are. You know, and God knows, and He is ever so much better judge than your neighbor or even your best friend. Be thoughtful, be earnest, have convictions, be loyal to them, and then let men say what they will. Keep your conscience square with your own sense of right. You never can square it with other people's whims. They are as variable as the wind. Be true to your own God and your own self, and then go forward, sure that no worthy work or thought shall ever be forgotten, but in God's economy all shall be remembered and all blessed.

Monday, December 7

In this rough-and-tumble world of ours, full of competition, full of struggle, full of temptation, we are in danger of forgetting the high ideals of youth. The trouble is not that we have not ideals at some time in life. Most men have ideals when they are young. The real trouble is that in the worry and the sorrows and the sins of life men forget their ideals. Failing to reach the heights they have marked out for themselves, step by step, they come at last to think that all ideals are worthless. They need to be told over and over that a man's mark should ever stand before him. If he reaches an old ideal, let him make a new and better one.

Tuesday, December 8

It is said that in one of the notable battles of Napoleon one of his marshals came to him in the middle of the afternoon with the sorrowful message: "The battle is lost." Napoleon coolly asked, "What time is it?" The marshal answered, "It is four o'clock, sir." Then said this incomparable fighter, "There is time to-day for another battle and another victory." With this he marshaled his hosts to charge the enemy, and won the day.

This ought to be the spirit in which every man should treat his failures. Failures are sure to come to most men, somewhere, somehow. When they come, let the man consult his watch and see what time it is, or consult the family Bible and see how old he is; and if he is not more than eighty let him rally his forces for another charge in the hope of final victory.

Wednesday, December 9

Hope is evermore a source of life. Begin where you please and you will find that this is true, and this is why in the pursuits of life men find more joy in anticipation than in realization. Men are forever hoping for something better than they have. Whether they have succeeded or whether they have failed, hope rises in their hearts to make a new picture of possessions richer than anything they have. There comes a time in each life when a man begins to see this, to realize it, to feel it. His hopes become spiritualized and he begins to look longingly and eagerly, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen, and his life deepens and broadens by his hopes. Happy the man who learns very early that if he would be rich, really rich, he must think and feel and give and hope and love, for a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses.

Thursday, December 10

A man's heart and life go with his worship. Let a man worship fame, and speedily he has given his life and heart to the acquisition of fame. Let a man worship gold, or gold's equivalent, and in a little while the spirit of acquisitiveness will have so surely seized him that it must be with the utmost difficulty

that he shall ever be able to shake off its fatal grasp. Now it is equally true that when a man thoroughly worships God—not merely when he goes through some form of ceremonial, but when he really worships God—he gives his heart to God and the treasures he is interested in are the treasures of the kingdom.

Friday, December 11

Nations are honest and brave and upright and noble only in proportion as the individuals of the nation are so. There is no heart of the nations apart from the heart of the individual. There is no national conscience apart from the individual conscience. The only righteousness which will ever save a nation is the righteousness born in the heart of the child and nourished there by the wise and faithful teaching of parental care. Let us not be so infatuated with salvation by machinery that we shall forget to inquire, "What am I?" "What are my own children?" "Where is my God?" "Is His law written in my own heart?"

Saturday, December 12

Men talk sometimes as if the passage of a ship through the sea or a bird through the air is a fit symbol of man's passage through this world. I do not think so. A better symbol would be the passage of a plough through the soil, leaving a furrow behind. What does the furrow include? All the memory of every beautiful picture and landscape you have ever seen. It includes the memory of every experience, every sweet association, every tie of love, whether of father, mother, wife or children. All these, whether living or dead, speak to you. They have a voice, a language that you understand.

From Dr. Perin's "The Heart of an Optimist." The Geo. H. Doran Company.

The Historic Second Church of Boston

THE completion of the Church of the Redemption, on the corner of Boylston and Ipswich Streets, Boston, is a significant event in the life of the denomination. A number of important dedications of the different units have taken place. On Oct. 18, unfortunately at the time of the General Convention, the main church auditorium was dedicated, Dr. S. H. Roblin preaching the dedicatory sermon on "The Church Beautiful." Hundreds had to be turned away. Dr. Roblin said in part:

Beautify the house of the Lord. Ezra 27 : 7.

It is a long and winding road which stretches backward for ages to the time when man first gave expression to the deeps within by building a shrine. That attempt must have been exceedingly crude. Still it was his best effort and marked the endeavors which all along the centuries emphasize the desire of man to build for a place of worship a tabernacle of wood and stone. Into the edifices he has erected he has put thought and emotion and has endeavored to attain more and more an adequate expression of the longing within his soul to have a place worthy of his search after God.

To a certain degree man has reached his ideal in many shrines he has builded. In many lands and marking many ages, mosques, tabernacles, temples, churches, have borne witness to the successful achievements of those who have sought to build adequately a home for the soul in its quest for the eternal. From Solomon's Temple to the Cologne Cathedral, from the Mosque of Omar to St. John's the Divine, we behold the aspirations of mankind to give expression of the beauty of God in the realm of life.

There have been times when man sorrowfully emphasized not only the plain but the ugly manifestations of his thought concerning a place wherein to worship and pray. He had grown to believe that the beautiful and winsome were anathema to the Highest. What forbidding places he erected! The New England meeting-house was sere and barren to an extreme. No wonder theology there was somber and awful. It fitted the place. But God must love beauty, He has made so much of it. "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." What glory is His and how perfect His handiwork. And we have tried in building this temple of worship to emulate in some degree the marvelously beautiful workmanship of our God.

When we think of beauty what is in our thought? The measure of our real appreciation of the beautiful is the cultivation of our souls. If that cultivation is narrow and sparse we shall find our standards of the beautiful of a very low order, but if our soul-cultivation is ample and rich then our standards will be high and command the respect of those who know. In building this church we have striven to give the highest expression of our understanding of the beautiful as it relates to worship and we hope the contribution we have here made may have the commendation of those who know.

First of all we felt under obligation to the city of Boston to erect here a building which would prove worthy of the community. So here at the very western gate of the city where thousands enter every day we entered upon our task with that obligation in mind. From the great number of our fellow citizens who have given expression to their approval we feel we have met that obligation.

In the second place, knowing how much is sordid and base in our modern life, we sought here to erect a church so beautiful that it would become a perpetual inspiration towards the higher and nobler things of life. We felt that an edifice dedicated to the eternal and in all things rising to nobility and dignity and grace, the souls of those passing by must be moved to heed the call of the spiritual. Already thousands have borne testimony that our thought was right and our endeavor already bearing fruit. If there were no other reason than this our hearts should be glad to-day that so great an outlay of thought and money had been expended in making possible the Church of the Redemption.

Many have caused this name also to attach to our spiritual home—the Church Beautiful. They say its lines are so perfect that this should be its name. But tested by strict examination would that name be appropriate? Perfect lines are not enough. What of the material, workmanship, thoroughness of detail, in this structure? Papier-mache might have perfect lines and what then? So slovenly workmanship might be covered with temporary screen and a careful examination disclose a multitude of defects not within the scope of the non-observant eye. But may I say no inferior substance has been used in this building? Out of the earth God's best granite touched with a bit of warmth has been brought here and laid. Selected and closely scrutinized wood alone has been put in place. Metal of choice and all other material to glass and organ only of the highest possible grade has been used. Therefore a structural integrity lying behind the perfect lines gives a real reason to name this the Church Beautiful.

And art of the highest order has been summoned to give results satisfying to the most fastidious and yet of such fine simplicity as not to offend those who meticulously demand the

ascendency of the spiritual content in the place of worship. The workmanship takes high place with all the rest. The work here has been of such character as to stand through the centuries as perpetual witness to thoroughness and skill.

Above all is the unqualified effect of sacredness. No one can enter here without sensing that hush which brings the soul through silences into the mood of worship. The exterior gives the beholder a thrill as he looks upon the nobility and exquisite fineness of the building, while the interior moves the soul to meditation and prayer.

To those who question beauty in the house of God we point to His beauty in nature on land and sea. No wonder Zachariah exclaimed, "How great is thy beauty." "The heavens declare thy glory." The mountains of God are redolent with beauty to-day. The idyl of Ruth, the 23d Psalm, the 15th of First Corinthians, are full of beauty. These writers could only adequately express their thought of the highest things in language beautiful.

So we dedicate this sacred edifice to-day, thanking God for the inspiration which has made this possible. Through long weary years we have waited and worked. Now the hush of this wonderful hour is upon us with the music of the organ and the voice of song, the message of the old and the testimony of the present, the voice of the pulpit and the accents of a united prayer. From this hauntingly beautiful chancel to the graceful vaulted arches of the nave up to the sunkissed turrets of the noble tower may the message of God go forth to the world from this Church Beautiful.

The keys were delivered by the chief contractor, Mr. L. P. Soule, to the pastor, Dr. Roblin. After consecration the keys were delivered by Dr. Roblin to Charles U. Mayo, chairman of the standing committee.

As accurate a description as has appeared in print was published in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, Nov. 14:

The fourth and newest building of the Church of the Redemption, a Universalist church which began in 1817 on School Street, built there again in 1853, and from 1872 until last year was on Columbus Avenue, now stands complete at the corner of Boylston and Ipswich Streets. From there can be seen to best advantage its buttresses which—below ground—are based on concrete piers which reach to bedrock, and are held together laterally by a gridiron of reinforced concrete. From there also can best be seen against the western sky its harmonious Harry tower, terminating in four tourelles which bring a reminiscence of Canterbury to the Fenway. The tower, with its open lancets above and closed belfry below, draws the main church on Boylston Street and the chapel on Ipswich Street into a culminating unity.

The exterior is a warm gray, being cleft West Townsend granite, with trimmings of a still warmer gray cast stone which closely matches the dressed granite of the steps and the cornerstones on either side of the doorway. The central rose window, the largest window in the church, with its tracery of trefoils and intricate circles, is above the door.

The cleft slate flagging of the vestibule leads to the heather-brown Welsh tile of the floor of the nave. The nave, with pews to seat 600 persons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. The pillars on each side of the nave are of one piece with the buttresses, which are pierced for the side aisles. Thus there are no pillars to obstruct the view of any one in the congregation. There are no transepts. The nave is lighted by the grisaille glass of the rose window and the windows between the buttresses, which shed a soft neutral light on the gray walls and vaulted ceiling, the ribs of which by their oblique intersections and long unbroken lines give an amazing effect of vastness. Ten wrought metal hanging chandeliers give additional light.

The chancel window in block glass with white predominating, then blue, then red, then yellow, has four lancets, representing the Apostles Matthew, John, Mark and Luke, the tracery over the two middle lancets framing a symbol of the Lamb. It is the work of Mrs. H. E. Goodhue of Boston.

Biblical likewise is the decoration of the communion table, presented to the church by the pastor, Rev. S. H. Roblin. The three illuminated wood panels, done in a color scheme, bear the symbols of the Lamb, the Dove and the Hand. The woodwork of the chancel, including the lectern, pulpit, crested choir stalls, organ screen and reredos with canopied deacons' stalls, was done by Angelo Lavaldi of Cambridge. The golden yellow curtain behind the communion table and the brown, red and green tiling of the chancel floor are lighted by incandescent lamps just within the choir arch, out of the direct view of the congregation.

The organ, with thirty-two stops and seventy-three pipes to each, occupies two rooms to the left of the chancel. It has harp, bugle and chime effects. It was installed by the M. P. Moller Company of Hagerstown, Md.

A passage from the church through the tower leads to the chapel, in which the Sunday school meets. On Monday it is to be dedicated to the memory of Hosea Ballou (1771-1852), pastor of the church from its beginning in 1817 until 1844. Below the Ballou chapel, on the Ipswich Street level, are a reception room and a ladies' parlor, which has just been furnished with chairs and a piano. Set into the chimney-piece is a plaster cast of a Della Robbia medallion. The room has a Tarbell portrait of Dr. Roblin, and will have paintings of his two predecessors. These rooms will be dedicated later to Rev. A. A. Miner, pastor of the church from 1844 to 1891. Adjoining them is a small kitchen.

A corridor leads from the tower under the chancel end of the church to the pastor's office, robing room of the choir, church office and a fireproof room for the motion-picture apparatus.

Roblin Hall, beneath the main church, lighted naturally from the south side, and artificially by lights in front of the beams, will seat 450 persons, and has a kitchen making it possible to serve a meal to 200 persons. It has a small stage with footlights and a piano. Behind the stage is the room containing the heating-ventilating apparatus, with three blowers for the church, chapel and auditorium.

The building was designed by Allen & Collens, architects. The general contractor was L. P. Soule, and the building committee consisted of Charles Fearing, chairman, Dr. Charles Mayo, John H. Hayes, Edward Q. Brackett, Albert A. Gleason, Paul M. Keene, Charles E. Soule and the pastor, *ex-officio*.

Dedication of Ballou Chapel

On Monday, Nov. 16, the Boston Ministers' Meeting held their regular session in the new Ballou Chapel of the Church of the Redemption to assist in the dedication services of this part of the building. Dr. Leroy W. Coons, State Superintendent of Massachusetts, presided, and the speakers were Dr. John Clarence Lee, Dr. John van Schaick and Dr. Frederic W. Perkins. Dr. Lee discussed in a most interesting way the relation that John Murray bore to Hosea Ballou and the significant contribution that Ballou made to the development of the Universalist theology. Dr. Perkins also characterized the theology of Ballou, stating with lucidity and power the contribution that he made.

Dr. S. H. Roblin spoke most simply but eloquently in welcoming the ministers. He said:

"It was our hope when we dedicated the Church of the Redemption to have the assistance of you ministers. But when the day of dedication arrived you were in Syracuse attending the General Convention.

"The standing committee of this church at my

suggestion decided to invite you to the dedication of this chapel and you have kindly accepted that invitation.

"At a parish meeting regularly called it was voted that the name should be Ballou Chapel in honor of the first minister of the parish.

"Father Ballou was a great man and made a notable contribution to the theology of the church. It has been the habit in some quarters to belittle his labors because he was unlearned in the curricula of the schools. This has always seemed to me a dust of excuse raised by those who were unable to discover the great secret of religion revealed to him—the eternal goodness of Almighty God. He rested his case on that goodness and found a victory at once enduring and complete. The eternal goodness of God directing His eternal purpose must eventuate in eternal consonance. For this great and luminous contribution we are indebted to Father Ballou."

Dr. George E. Huntley read appropriate passages of Scripture, one group descriptive of the character of Father Ballou, the other group the great passages upon which Ballou depended as a basis for his thought. Dr. Huntley also offered prayer.

One of the impressive features of the service was the singing of Father Ballou's hymn, "In God's Eternity There Shall a Day Arise." One of the ministers said afterward: "There is always a peculiar emotional reaction to the singing of that hymn. It isn't much as poetry and its theology is not the theology of to-day, but when a body of Universalists sing it it seems as if we were put into the presence of what might be called the very essence of Universalism. I never shall forget Dr. G. D. Demarest singing it at the Washington Convention in 1903 as a solo, the congregation joining in the chorus, and I never shall forget the way we sang it here to-day."

At the close of the service Dr. Roblin gave the office of dedication and then pronounced the benediction:

"We in this hour, in the presence of Almighty God our Father and in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the mood of the spirit of consecration, dedicate this chapel to the memory of Hosea Ballou, the first minister of this church and a great soul. May this chapel stand for centuries as a memorial to his name and work.

"And now may the bounties of God's providence, the blessings of His love and the uplift of the spirit of Jesus inspire us all along the great highway to the ineffable hills and the Holy City."

Roblin Hall already has been dedicated and the rooms named in memory of Dr. A. A. Miner are to be dedicated in the near future.

The Church of the Redemption is one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in the Universalist denomination.

An Interview with Dr. Cadman

Edward H. Cotton

YES, Dr. Cadman is registered here. You will find him in number 26." Following the clerk's directions, I knocked at 26.

"Come in," came a muffled voice from inside. The door refused to give.

"Wait a bit."

I heard a bed creak. Presently a hand inside unlocked the door, and I was looking at—a Roman Catholic priest? Garb and feature conveyed that impression. In fact, as Dr. Cadman later explained, descriptions of him have filled in all the grades from that of preceptor of a Jesuit college to infidel.

"Help yourself to a cigar, take a chair, and make yourself at home." He bounced back on the bed, adjusted the pillows, and turned a pair of twinkling eyes, keen and kind, on me.

"Now, my lad, what can I do for you?"

"Haven't you a special message you want to get into print?" I asked, after the manner of interviewers —I should have known better.

"My dear boy, I have been giving out so much that I have nothing left, not an atom. Why don't you fire ten or twelve questions at me the way newspaper men do?"

"I'd much rather you would select your own theme," I replied. "But to give you a start: What should preachers be preaching these days?"

"One truth only—the Christian religion, no matter how you interpret it. Roman Catholicism understands a great deal. Do you know that? It knows human nature; people go to its church. Why? Because it is the great sacramental religion. Churches which have eliminated the sacraments in favor of preaching are losing their congregations. Our ministers make the mistake of not opening their mouths and speaking as the spirit gives them utterance. I mean by that there should be spontaneity of speech, not effort for which no preparation has been made. I despise glibness. Fluency is a hindrance, not a help, to public speakers, because persons who have the gift substitute fluency for preparation."

"You are a fluent speaker," I interrupted.

"Am I? Look here, old chap, write this down. I never appear before an audience without long and careful preparation. I adopted this practise in the early days of my ministry, and now have the habit. I couldn't do otherwise if I would, but I wouldn't. I write a great deal. Nearly all my sermons and addresses are written in full beforehand."

"And then learned?"

"Learned! No. I leave that to those whose minds have not been sufficiently trained."

"What is the good of writing, then?"

"To get the subject clearly in mind; to separate the dross from the pure gold. I've got to speak tonight, but I don't know what I'm going to speak about."

"Do you mean, Dr. Cadman, that you are going to depend on inspiration? That is not what you have been saying."

"No, sir, don't you believe it. I mean, those who are managing the affair have yet to indicate the

subject they wish discussed. I am prepared to speak on a number. Let me tell you another thing." He had become interested, was out of bed, and in a chair in front of me. "Lecturing is one thing, preaching is quite another. Lectures deal with life in broad and informing terms; preaching—well, the Methodists have a good word describing it—'unction,' meaning a mysterious quality, the power of the spirit. I care not who the preacher is, from the high orthodox to the most liberalized, he must be baptized in the spirit of the Unseen."

He was warming to his theme. When I had entered the room he was tired; any one could have seen that. "I am over-worked," he had said. "The doctor is placing limitations on me." But once started on the subjects of religion and preaching, to which he has dedicated himself body and soul, he lost the tired look, and became the intense, enthusiastic, and alert personality the multitudes know who have sat in his audiences or listened to him over the radio of a Sunday afternoon.

"People should go to church to worship God," he declared, "but they don't. You and I, being of the same profession, can talk this matter over like brothers. People don't go to church, because they don't find the bread of life there. What is the source of all the cults for which your New England is famous? The churches have starved the people. Talk of gathering audiences. It is one thing to get an audience in old conservative New England; it is an entirely different matter to get one in New York. Why, down there, if the people saw heaven in the sky they would say it was a waterspout. That is the place where I have to preach. I've been doing it three times on Sunday for the last seventeen years. No, I'm not doing it this year, only twice—doctor's orders. Don't envy me."

We were getting acquainted, and I felt I might venture a personal question.

"How do you explain your hold on the people?"

He looked at me a moment, a question in his eyes:

"I don't know. How do *you* explain it? I make careful preparation. Once started, I say what is in my mind to say. But this radio puzzles me. I don't like it. You have to stand in front of the microphone; you can't move; you can't say things you would like to say; they wouldn't go with the radio people."

"I think the personal element has to be reckoned with in your case," I said. "And of course you have a remarkable memory."

"No, I haven't. I can't remember words and phrases. I do seem able to keep facts in mind."

"But your language is well selected."

"That, my boy, is due to long training and continuous mental discipline."

"How do you answer the questions that follow your addresses?"

"Precisely the same as I am answering yours. I do have a background of accumulated facts. But why single me, or any other one preacher, for distinction? A short time ago a religious journal which I take and appreciate published a list of the twenty-five greatest preachers. Do you want my opinion of that list? It was a vulgarized one; it was an advertising dodge. I could name over a similar list of ministers just as eloquent, just as useful—stanch, sterling fellows from all the denominations. But several of them have never been heard of."

"You and I have listened to as good preaching on Main Street as on Fifth Avenue."

"Better," he exclaimed. "Fifth Avenue! Talk with Dr. Jowett if you want to know what Fifth Avenue preaching is like.

"I have never sought publicity. All that has come to me has come without seeking. Editors and publishers suspect publicity-seekers. When asked to write, be brief; but don't compress so that the average mind can not follow. Most of the books and articles I read could have proclaimed their message in half the length."

Readers will observe that Dr. Cadman says what he has to say in private conversation as well as in public, yet always back of the direct words was the charitable spirit.

In some way, I don't remember how, the conversation drifted to spiritualism. He knew the subject was in the air, and acknowledged that it had contributions to make to religious interpretation. At the suggestion that some declared it the most progressive of all the religions when it came to an interpretation of the life after death, he ceased to talk and assumed a listening attitude.

"Ministers are afraid of it," I suggested.

"Well, I wouldn't be. I usually say what is in my mind to say."

"Why don't you preach a sermon on it?"

"I am not conversant enough with the facts. I never attended but one seance; that was in London some years ago. My grandmother, who had died when I was seven years old, came, so the medium said. She told me accurately all that had happened to me, and said she would continue to control me."

"Sound Spiritualistic doctrine," I replied.

"You have suggested a sermon for me; let me suggest one for you," said Dr. Cadman with quick change of mood. "Take your text from the first verse of the first chapter of Ezekiel: '. . . As I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, . . . the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God.' There's a subject for you, with the sort of mystical background you appear to crave. Do you want to know what I'm going to preach about next Sunday? Is Prohibition a Failure?"

"Do you think it is?" I inquired.

"Not at all, but the time has come to say certain things. Well, I must get ready for that lecture." He stepped into an adjoining room, and I went over to the bed where he had been lying. Piled up on either edge were books, tracts, pamphlets, and magazines, some with strange titles. A person's mind, in liberal measure, is what his reading makes it. If ever a man's mental processes should be versatile, Dr. Cadman's should, judging from the variety of that literature. Among the books were, "Color," a book of poems by Countee Cullen; "Rahmedia," stories of the South Sea Islands, by C. Harold Smith. Among the magazines was the *Spectator*, which he said—he had now joined me—was the greatest of English weeklies; *Inter-America*, the *Christian Quarterly*, *Scribner's*,

a journal on religious education, *McClure's*, and "A Chronicle of the Community of the Resurrection." This last he put in my hand with the injunction to read it with care, for it described the mystic state of mind of Oriental peoples. "Eastern peoples have a depth of spiritual fervor," he exclaimed. "Would that the Eternal Realities meant to us of the West what they mean to the East! Well, there is so much to read, and time presses. I don't read as much as I used to, my eyes get tired."

Dr. Cadman is not at all the grim and solemn ecclesiastic some of his pictures represent him. He is confiding and friendly. His mind is forever alert to accumulate facts. He will listen to a person whoever he is, provided he has anything to say; and his faith in the veracity of that person is captivating in its artlessness.

I had hardly stepped inside the door before I was taken into his embrace, so to speak. But, most certainly, the same thing would have happened with any other accredited stranger, for I had never met him before and may never meet him again. Moreover I was after material for publication. Interviewed persons have a right to be reserved in statement and attitude. We must mark him as one who loves his fellow men.

"What are we going to do in the world to come?" was a last question.

"Carry on as we are carrying on here; and we shall, too, under better conditions."

A United Men's Club

THE Pacific Coast does not wait for the rest of the country.

We find the following in the *Riverside* (Cal.) *Enterprise* for Nov. 3:

Not as a step in organic church unity, but as a move toward united church effort in realizing Christian ideals in the life of the community, action was taken last night to organize a men's union of the First Congregational Church and All Souls Universalist Church of Riverside.

This was the outcome of the get-together meeting in Pilgrim's Hall in which the men of the Congregational church were hosts to the men of the Universalist church.

The keynote of the meeting was sounded by H. O. Reed, in extending welcome to the guests. Following this the meeting listened to the interesting reports of the Congregational convention in Washington and the Universalist meeting in Syracuse. Dr. Gardner made the report from Washington, while Dr. Selleck, reading from papers received by him, outlined the attitude of the Syracuse Convention toward union with other liberal churches.

Welcoming the men of All Souls Church to fellowship, Mr. Reed said that together they might emphasize the important thing to put into the life of the community the spirit of Christ. "We must keep in mind that the Christian life is the Christ-like life," he said.

Charles Martin reported for the Universalist members.

Following the addresses by Dr. Gardner and Dr. Selleck, Dr. Horace Porter made a ringing appeal for united action to the end that the ideals for which the two churches stood in community life might be promoted.

"We have here," he said, "on opposite corners physical plants which could not be duplicated for $300,000, and two churches which architecturally are the most beautiful in Riverside County. We have 300 men, 300 man power. Three hundred horse-power could accomplish wonders. But what could not 300 men power, 300 brain power, do if we get it working together?"

G. Stanley Wilson introduced a resolution calling for the organization of a men's club in the Congregational church, Dr. R. L. Boardman offered a substitute for this, calling for the appointment of a committee to formulate a plan for a men's union of the two churches. It was understood that each pastor would name three. The following names were offered and appointed to the committee:

Congregationalist: Dr. Horace Porter, Ross I. Hammond, Judge W. H. Ellis.

Universalist: F. L. Hamblin, C. T. Norton, Willard Babcock.

To this committee was added Lester Ferris, who presided at last night's meeting. The committee will meet Monday, Nov. 9.

One of the most significant things which came as a result of the meeting was the editorial in the *Riverside Enterprise* on Nov. 4 as follows:

It was the privilege of the writer of this article to be present at the meeting of the men of the Congregational and Universalist churches in Pilgrim Hall, Monday evening, and to listen to the inspiring talks given by Dr. Gardner, Dr. Selleck, Mr. H. O. Reed and others. The spirit of the meeting, that indefinable atmosphere that emanated from the high thought of the assemblage, was in perfect accord with the expressions of the leading speakers.

It was a significant and happy omen of the new day of a religion too broad and too deep to quibble over formulae not comprehensible to finite minds.

How far the world has traveled in religious tolerance during the life of men not yet old, was illustrated by a phase of Mr. Reed's talk. He was born into the Congregational Church in Ohio. Among his earliest church recollections was the admonition that he "must not go to the Methodist meeting-house."

"And I didn't go," said Mr. Reed, "until I was old enough to decide those questions for myself."

A more official indication of the long road that has been traveled in that time was heard in Dr. Gardner's report on the action of the Congregational convention with respect to the overtures looking toward an understanding with the Universalist Church.

The reaction of the Congregationalists was entirely favorable toward such a rapprochement. The chief restriction laid down was that any discussion of a union of the two churches must be on the basis of the "Kansas City platform." Dr. Gardner emphasized that word "platform" as opposed to "creed," and he read the platform that the men of the meeting might know what it was that the Congregationalists were exacting from the Universalists.

Belief in God the Father, infinitely wise and good and merciful, in Jesus Christ, His Son, and that he lived and died, and in the Holy Spirit as a force in our lives, nearly sums up all the theology there is in that platform. On this basis the Congregational convention extended the hand of Christian brotherhood to the Universalists.

"That," said Dr. Selleck, when it was his turn to speak, "is a long way from the Andover declaration which classed us with Moslems and heathen."

All this is illuminating and inspiring. It promises the new day in which, if churches are not united organically, they will at least be united in a spiritual fellowship whose aim will be to put religion into the daily life of the community.

And that is the outstanding radical difference between the old view of religion and the new. The one was an intensely ndividualistic matter in which the first concern of each person

was to save his own soul. The new one is that the first concern of each person is to save the soul of the community—not from everlasting perdition, for communities don't have souls susceptible to punishment of that kind, but from the disintegrating powers of selfishness and vice and social injustice.

The *Enterprise* is a secular newspaper. We have no province to deal with religious questions and especially religious controversy. We are keenly aware that the old-fashioned theology still holds sway over the minds of millions of men, and in its best manifestations impels them to noble sacrifices not surpassed in the heroic story of mankind.

But it is also true that throughout great sections of this country we hear reports of empty pews and discouraged pulpits, while men untouched by the old appeal are gathering around the religious leadership that emphasizes man's responsibility as his brother's keeper rather than his acceptance of religious mysteries as truths revealed by God although incomprehensible to the finite mind of His creature.

Meeting Life's Inevitables

Harold H. Niles

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. Matthew 11 : 28, 29.

L. P. JACKS, principal of Manchester College, Oxford, better than any one else in our day, has shown up the foolishness of considering the end and aim of life as being the attainment of happiness. The end of life is character. The aim of life is the development of the soul. Dr. Jacks concludes his lecture on "Labor and Leisure" with these words: "A tremendous problem—a task for giants! But that fine creature whose measure was taken by Aristotle can tackle it—a being not made for the paltry business of hunting after happiness and whining because he can not find it, but for undertaking distant enterprises, and bearing heavy strains, and embarking on operations of great scope and majesty." Wise words are these; they need to be heeded far and wide.

In this sermon I propose to start with that thought and suggest a way by which we may secure that inner strength and peace which will enable us to go smiling through the inevitable conflicts of life.

As in the world of nature, so in the world of man there are some things that are inevitable.

A few weeks ago, down in Maine,

> "We wandered to the pine forest
> That skirts the ocean's foam,
> The lightest wind was in its nest,
> The tempest in its home."

And there I saw again the inevitable coming and going of the tide. It is inevitable in the world of nature that the tide shall come and go in ceaseless rhythm, and no man may stay it in its coming and going.

There is also the inevitable rising and setting of the sun. I have been high up in the Rockies and have seen "twilight draw night's curtain down and pin it with a star." And then after a night spent in the open, I have seen "night's candles all gone out and jocund day stand tiptoe on the misty mountain top." It is inevitable that day shall follow night and no man is able to reverse the order.

In the world of man, here is this natural, inevitable fact of age which comes creeping on. As no man can tether the tide, so no man can tether time, which ever rolls its ceaseless course. Here is this natural, inevitable fact of a body subject to ills and aches and pains. Deny it as one will, nevertheless there are some of us who know. Here is this natural, inevitable fact of injury, disaster, destruction. In a world where millions of people struggle for life, absorbed in the endeavor to make a living; in a world where millions of people with passions, dreams, desires, pursue each his own way—in such a world it is no wonder that the plans of men "gang aft a-gley."

Here is this natural, inevitable conflict within one's own soul. William M. Taylor says that "a man's first battle is with himself; and only when he has conquered on that field is he competent to lead others." On national holidays our soldiers march as a tribute of respect to the memory of our nation's heroic dead. With sounds of drum and with flags flying, thoughts of wars and battlefields and trenches surge through our brains. Yet we must not imagine that all the wars of earth are fought upon the fields of battle, with flags waving and drums rolling and guns shooting and bombs exploding and airplanes whirling. Within each human soul there is fought every day the battle between goodness and evil.

Here also is the conflict between civilization and barbarism, in which there is and can be no cessation. Man must keep ever on the alert—now more than ever before—pressing on toward better and grander heights. False guides will arise and lead us down wrong paths, traitors will arise and turn victory into defeat again and again, but we must keep on keeping on. We have put our hand to the plow of civilization and we can not, we dare not, turn back. And in all this reaching out after an improved civilization, life is becoming more and more complex and intricate. Wagner sensed the confusion attendant upon our march toward civilization and made a plea for the simple life. It is quite certain now that the simple life is not possible for us. Man's inventive genius has brought us into a complex age of machinery. Much as we should like to leave it all behind and go and find the simple life, we can not do it. Every year this life of ours becomes more and more complicated, bringing to us burdens and problems and cares.

As we grow older we become more involved. It is inevitable that it is so. And even though we might ask that time turn backward in its flight and make us children again just for to-night, we know that we can not escape the responsibilities and problems which each advancing year brings to us. Life brings added business to all of us, and the common lament of our times is that there are not hours enough in the day nor days enough in the week to do all that we should like to do. Life has changed from a sojourn over sunlit hills and through smiling meadows to a wearing, tearing, grinding, grueling race.

The very natural question is: "How are we going to meet these inevitables and not be overcome by them?" Across the ages, down through the years the answer comes. Listen: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Come, learn of me."

Yes, I know that it is old and people clamor for something new. But I also know that it is true! We can not dodge the turmoil of life. We can not run away from these invitable facts. We can not, we dare not, turn back from civilization, imperfect though it may be, to barbarism. That is unthinkable! There is only one thing to do, and that is to accept that old, sweet invitation and learn of Jesus, for, amid the discouragements and the trials of life, facing life's inevitables, he knew the secret of peace and joy.

The emphasis in that invitation is upon the "learn." That does not mean to walk down a sawdust trail, nor to accept the opinions of liberal or orthodox theology. It means what it says—"learn of me."

And when we sit at his feet and learn of him, there are two outstanding lessons we learn. One is love of God; the other is love of man. That's nothing new, you say? Of course it is not new, but it is true. Let a man once begin to live with a love of God and man in his heart and he will find that peace which floweth like a river. He will possess that something which will help him to meet life's inevitables.

Thirty-two years ago, Richard Le Gallienne concluded his book on "The Religion of a Literary Man" with these words:

> "One delusion indeed what we call the modern thirst for knowledge has engendered in us: that there is something new under the sun; that our doubts and difficulties are new, and that our new teachers must find us new answers. The censors of modern literature are continually crying aloud for a new message. Where is the prophet who will give peace to our souls? A very short time ago Browning's was the message, Whitman's, Emerson's, Carlyle's, Ruskin's, Tennyson's. Was ever age more rich in prophets and in great messages? But what have we done with them? Have we realized them in our lives, quite used up every available particle of their wisdom? And yet here we are hungry and clamoring again. The truth is that the men who cry out for new messages mean rather new sensations of doubt. It is not peace they want, but a fresh perplexity.
>
> "For peace is no new thing, any more than perplexity. There is no quiddity of unbelief that is not to be found in mouldering parchments older than the religion of Christ. There is no assurance of faith that may ever be given us which has not long ago tranquillized the souls of forgotten saints. All the great men are of one mind. Their message is simple—so simple that we put it by. It seems so childish to our cultivated intelligences to say—Love God and love one another. The old prophets babbled that long ago. Yes, and the prophets to come will but repeat the same message in other forms. Truth always comes, as Christ came, in the garb of absolute simplicity. He seems a mere child or peasant person. The learned doctors will have none of him. Love God and love one another! Is that all? That have we known from our youth up. Yet is there nothing else to say."

If we keep the love of God and the love of man in our hearts we may meet life's inevitables with a smile. And then when life's greatest inevitable comes, and death takes away our beloved, we can bear it and not be broken asunder.

Come, sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXXIX Modernism

Agricola

MODERNISM is to many a matter of temperament, rather than a moral conviction. Such people can no more help looking at things as *in futuro* than an eagle can help soaring into the sun. Some minds are incapable of the backward look. They can travel only in one direction—forward.

Modernism can look straight at the blazing sun of science without blinking. It is lacking in reverence not so much because it despises the past as because its hurrying gaze is fixed on the future.

It listens to inspired prophet, but only till the voice of science speaks. Creeds to it are geological deposits, good for ore or fuel, but they must be refined in modern crucibles. They yield their richest products when chemically treated with new ideas.

The modernist is intoxicated by new theories, thrilled by new visions. He watches the daily newspaper eagerly to catch the first faint suggestion of a new element, a change in the number of electrons in the atom, an extension of the boundaries of the universe, a new human tooth or jawbone in geologic strata. These mean new light on scientific problems, especially those of anthropology, which he relates closely to religious truth.

Theology is to the modernist a minor premise. Truth consumes his soul, and it matters little whether it be found in rock, in star, or in ancient manuscript. His iconoclasm is bitter against all clogs to the feet or fetters to the mind. He hates manacles either of the body or spirit. He dares all, trusts all, for freedom.

Very often he forgets to use a sifter. Shallow guesses and hurrying speculations sometimes to him contain immortal truths. New social and economic theories seem filled with religious content, especially if couched in religious terms. He does not stop to estimate the great mortality in such ideals.

Modernism is sometimes intellectually intolerant. It is inclined to look down on convictions that have come via emotion or instinct. It is apt to rely too closely on syllogism, ignoring a large part of man's nature which revels in symbolism, color, pageantry, romance. Humanity does not always want its dreams

disturbed, even by undoubted theorems. Life has consolations not dreamed of in geometry or revealed by chemical analysis.

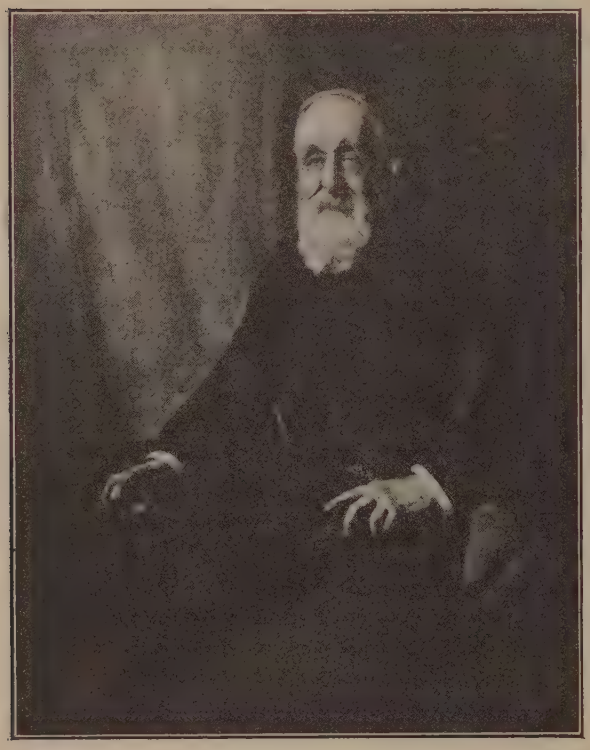
But in spite of its obvious limitations modernism is destined to grow ever greater in influence. For truth like the glacier is irresistible. If modernism will include sympathy and affection in its programs its future will be radiant with possibilities.

Touch modernism with a loving altruism and you have an invincible combination.

Henry Williamson of Dundee

HENRY WILLIAMSON of Dundee, Scotland, a picturesque and vigorous Unitarian minister, died Oct. 16, 1925, at the age of eighty-five.

In his young manhood he spent a number of years in the United States, and on Dec. 29, 1859, he joined the Universalist church of Norwich, Conn. He was proud of this connection and kept up a correspondence with friends in Norwich and in other parts of the United States as long as he lived.



HENRY WILLIAMSON

The Church of the Good Shepherd, Norwich, held a memorial service in his honor All Souls Sunday.

Mr. Williamson served the Unitarian church at Dundee from 1866 to 1925, a period of sixty years—a pastorate almost without parallel.

In spite of bad weather great crowds surrounded the church during the funeral and attended the cortege to the grave.

At the funeral, in the course of an eloquent appreciation of the late minister, Professor Philemon Moore, Carmarthen College, said that gathering was evidence of the universal esteem in which the deceased was held by his fellow townsmen and townswomen. A more complete life than that of Mr. Williamson could scarcely be imagined, especially when they remembered that last Sunday week, the last occasion on which he appeared in the church, it was to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his first coming to Dundee.

Mr. Williamson was pre-eminently a Christian minister, whose desire was always to be the friend of those who needed friends, to help those who needed help, and to use his position not for mastery but in helping others to make the best use of their talent. It was his practical Christianity that endeared him to his fellow citizens, and there would be many in that city would rise and call him blessed.

The *People's Journal* of Dundee contains a two column biographical sketch, written by an old friend, which we quote in part:

> By the death of Rev. Henry Williamson, which took place with tragic suddenness yesterday, one of the best-known and most conspicuous figures in Dundee has been removed. For over half a century he was actively identified with many phases of city life, and he was active right through to the end of his long days.
>
> It was in the missionary spirit that Mr. Williamson came to Dundee as a young man of twenty-seven, nearly sixty years ago. Soon he was in the grip of the city's social problems, and it was a study that retained his sympathetic attention and thought throughout his long life. In Dundee he found his life's work, and never once, he confessed to me, did he feel tempted to desert it.
>
> The purpose which brought him to Dundee after the completion of his training was to revive the Unitarian church, which had faded out of existence in the city. He found only one link with the institution which it was his mission to restore—an old man of ninety, to whom the faith he had adopted meant so much that right through an interval of twenty years, when there was no Unitarian organization in the city, he held fast to his beliefs.
>
> Mr. Williamson soon made his influence felt so far as his religious work was concerned. The young minister, however, realized that no real progress would be made until his congregation were established in a church of their own, and under the influence of his zeal and enterprise the Unitarians of Dundee raised money to meet the cost of building their church in Constitution Road.
>
> These days of over fifty years ago were days of stalwarts in the religious life of the city, and Mr. Williamson, who ever had the courage of his convictions, soon found himself in the grip of controversy and disputation over dogmas. Stern, unbending days were those—as one experience that came his way went to show.
>
> In the course of his activities to spread the Gospel according to his light, Mr. Williamson went into different districts of the town giving lectures, and in pursuance of his scheme he went to the Butterburn area. One of the most bitter critics of the advanced school of theological thought at that time was the Rev. John Macpherson, of the Hilltown Free Church, whom I knew well, and he had a backing of men and women who were not less lacking in zeal for the truth as they conceived it.
>
> On the occasion of one meeting in Butterburn, the hall was packed, and there were as many outside as within. Mr. Williamson sensed trouble, and his anticipation was correct. In the course of his remarks several bits of plaster—broken from the walls of the building—were thrown at him without much damage

being done, but when Mr. Williamson was taking his departure at the close of the meeting those who disagreed with him became aggressive, mud was thrown at him, and later on stones became the missiles. One of these struck Mr. Williamson on the side of the head, and knocked him down. Stunned by the blow, he was carried into a cottage near by, where he received the attentions necessary to bring him round.

Mr. Williamson was a doughty controversialist. He never shirked an argument in those matters in which he was interested, and in fighting for the rights of the working classes he was ever foremost in the fray.

Outside his church work, social problems made insistent appeal to the sympathy of Mr. Williamson, and of the many questions of this kind that cropped up in Dundee during Mr. Williamson's long connection with the city none demanded his attention so closely as that of the mill girls. Long hours and low wages were the order in the mills of Dundee in those days of fifty years ago, when a spinner was lucky if he went home with ten shillings in his pocket after a week's work extending to fifty-five hours.

In addition to the hard work and meager remuneration, the working conditions were such as would not be tolerated in these enlightened days, and the result was that the workers were seldom free from a sense of grievance, which often found expression in disputes culminating in strikes.

These strikes, Mr. Williamson noted, generally ended in the surrender of the workers, who were not organized in any form, and found it impossible to stand out for any length of time.

The futility of these efforts and sacrifices on the part of the workers stirred Mr. Williamson, who, grasping the significance of the situation, realized that the root of much of the trouble was to be found in the fact that there was no intermediary between the operatives on the one hand and the employers on the other, with the result that there was an element of suspicion and antagonism in the relationship between employer and employed.

Such reflections on the industrial situation, prompted from time to time by strike incidents, led to definite action in the end. The call came suddenly. One day during a big strike in 1885, Mr. Williamson was walking down Lochee Road when he was approached by several of the men workers, who told him that the women strikers were to have a meeting in the Barrack Park that afternoon, and suggested that he should attend and address them.

Inspired by the success of an effort which had been made to organize the women workers of London, Mr. Williamson accepted the hint, and strongly recommended the women workers of Dundee to follow their example. He promised to assist them in any effort in this direction, and the women, glad to accept a definite lead that was likely to bring a betterment of their conditions, promptly fell in with the suggestion.

In this meeting was the genesis of the Mill and Facotry Operatives' Union. Mr. Williamson took up the work in the belief that in a few months the members would be in a position to manage their own affairs, but those whom he had befriended were reluctant to lose his active interest in their organization, and, as a result, Mr. Williamson found himself in office as president of the Union for the long period of thirty-two years.

The Mill and Factory Operatives' Union developed into an organization which was an instrument of power to secure redress for the many grievances from which the jute workers suffered. Mr. Williamson was ever an advocate of conciliation as a means of securing concessions as opposed to the strike alternative, and in his hands this policy proved effective, for, without any outside assistance, and under normal conditions of trade, he succeeded in securing wage advances from time to time, which, in the aggregate, represented an increase of 35 per cent.

His many-sided activities and his zealous work on behalf of the community were much appreciated, and these feelings of public gratitude found expression last year, when he was presented with his portrait in oils as the result of public subscription.

The portrait is now in the permanent collection in the Art Galleries, and will serve to commemorate the work and worth of a man who for over fifty years devoted himself without stint to the service of the people.

Mr. Williamson, who was eighty-five years of age, is survived by five sons and two daughters. The eldest of the former is a professor in the service of the Canadian Fishery Board.

A Southern Pilgrimage

George A. Gay

THE editor of the *Leader* has asked for an outline of what was in my mind when I introduced a resolution at Syracuse calling for "A Southern Pilgrimage." This article embodies the plan that has been growing slowly over a period of some years, although the resolution adopted at Syracuse places the arrangement of details in the hands of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention.

The Universalists of the South have felt for many years that they were isolated and as a result out of touch with the work of the denomination. They have also felt that the General Convention should at some time meet in the South in order that they might attend in goodly numbers, whereas the expense involved in the long journeys to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois, or Michigan or New York prevented the attendance of all but a very limited number.

For four years these Southern Universalists had hoped that the Convention would come to Chattanooga, and the invitations which were extended at both Detroit and Providence were backed by the strong sentiment of the Universalists of Dixie. The General Convention, however, is primarily a business organization, and its biennial meetings are arranged to facilitate the financial and organization work of the Convention. There was an opinion, whether wisely cherished or not is beside our discussion, that the attendance upon sessions held at a place as far distant as Chattanooga or Atlanta would be so small as to impair the business efficiency of that particular gathering. Consequently the Convention was held where larger numbers might be expected. This was a disappointment to Southern Universalists.

The trustees of the General Convention, however, felt that some kind of meeting should be held in the South during the off-year of the Convention.

This was mentioned at Detroit, at Providence, and especially at Syracuse, but no definite steps were taken to put a plan in operation to achieve this result. In order to crystallize the sentiment of the Convention and to suggest a definite plan of action looking towards a visit to our Southern churches by a representative gathering of our Northern and Mid-Western Universalists, the resolution which was entitled "A Southern Pilgrimage" was introduced and adopted at the Syracuse meeting of the Universalist General Convention. Owing to the lateness

of the hour at which this resolution was introduced it was not discussed, but now "it may be told."

In 1915 more than three hundred Universalists enjoyed a very pleasant and profitable trip to the Pacific Coast, and there the various organizations transacted necessary business and visited places of interest, and brought, we trust, to the churches on the Pacific Coast new courage and greater strength.

That another trip of a similar character into the South would prove equally enjoyable and profitable is not an idle dream.

Scores of thousands of people go to Florida each winter and among these are hundreds of Universalists. While the larger numbers probably wait until November to make the trip, it would seem that on this special occasion a numerous company would be willing to turn southward earlier in the season. This is necessary in order to realize the plan, because October, as a rule, is a beautiful month in the South.

It is suggested, then, that all of our organizations combine and with every member and friend who can be interested make a tour of portions of the South, visiting such churches as may be included in the itinerary, and at least reaching Miami.

Just to make the plan more concrete, let us think ahead to the month of October, 1926. The trees in the North will be all golden and scarlet. Indian Summer will cast its enchantment over every hill and vale. In Tennessee and Georgia and Alabama the days will be hot, but the mornings and the evenings will be very cool. On Thursday, Oct. 14, at 6.10 p. m., our New England Universalists will climb aboard the train at South Station, enjoy dinner together, and then bid each other good-night. When they awake the next morning they will be in Buffalo, and during the day they will enjoy a trip to Niagara. At night the train carries them towards Cincinnati, and the third day is spent in that city. Here, too, the Universalists from the Mid-West and the points farther north and west will join the New England group, the New York delegation having already combined with them at Buffalo.

Saturday night the train starts for Tennessee, and early Sunday morning the pilgrims awake at Chattanooga. They attend Sunday school and church at the Q. H. Shinn Memorial Universalist Church. After dinner they visit points of interest. In the evening a big mass meeting will be held in one of the auditoriums down town. An entire day (Monday) will be devoted to sight-seeing in this most wonderful region. Lookout Mountain, Signal Mountain, Chickamauga Park, Fairyland and other interesting spots will be seen.

During the night the train transports the travelers to Atlanta, and after a day spent in viewing this growing city, with a special trip to Stone Mountain to gaze upon the gigantic figures carved upon its face, a service will be held in the beautiful Liberal Christian Church.

Possibly the program may permit the pilgrims to leave Atlanta early on the morning of the 19th and after a five hour ride reach Camp Hill, Ala. Here they will see the Southern Industrial Institute under the direction of its principal, the Rev. Lyman Ward. Only a few hours will be spent in this Alabama town. There may be sufficient time for a regular Southern "dinner on the grounds" at the Universalist church, and a brief fellowship service, and then "onward we go" towards Pensacola, Florida. According to the tentative schedule there will be the larger part of two days there, but this seems somewhat too long a time. A service can be held in the Universalist church, and at midnight the train departs for Jacksonville. Perhaps we may shorten the stay in Pensacola and put in a few hours at De Funiak Springs, with a meeting in our church at that place. On the tenth day we arrive at Jacksonville, and enjoy an auto trip about the city and to St. Augustine.

That night we proceed towards Lakeland, which we reach early the following morning. A day will be devoted to trips about that most attractive city with a meeting of Universalists at some convenient auditorium at night.

St. Petersburg is the next objective, and our schedule should be so arranged that we reach that place on Sunday and hold two services, one in the morning, the other at night. If any part of the church that we hope to erect in that city is completed, we can dedicate that portion of the building. Perhape we may lay the cornerstone of the church itself. Here's hoping!

Autos will carry us to Tarpon Springs, and there we shall take our turns to sit in the little church and worship in silence while we study those wonderful Innes paintings which adorn this church.

Our autos will transport us to Tampa, where our special train will be waiting for us. When we open our eyes the following morning we shall be at West Palm Beach. We shall spend a day there, and then we shall move down to Miami, magic city of the New World. From Miami each person is expected to complete his trip as an individual, for the official excursion, as now mapped out, ends at Miami. Some will return home by boat, some by train. Others will remain for the winter either at Miami or some other Florida town.

The approximate cost per person from Boston to Miami, basing the expense upon at least one hundred or more persons, will be $336.26, providing first-class transportation over the entire route, sleeping car accommodation to consist of one lower berth; hotel accommodation, rooms without bath; all meals from starting point until after breakfast the morning of the 17th day; sightseeing to be included at Niagara Falls, also auto trip to St. Augustine. Clergymen in the party using their permits can save $107 each according to this schedule.

Undoubtedly many of our people will desire to join our pilgrimage at certain points while *en route* for the South by automobile. At Chattanooga a group of automobile pilgrims will find a splendid camping place within a ten minute walk of our church. The auto trip to Atlanta requires not more than six hours at the outside, and those traveling by auto can be with us at the latter place. Probably from there autoists would go directly to St. Petersburg or Miami and join us when we arrive.

It has been suggested that the trip might be reversed and concluded at Chattanooga instead of in Florida, but the weather must be taken into con-

sideration in this matter, also the fact that people will join us on the way to Florida and will not return.

All readers should understand that this schedule is purely tentative, and may be completely changed, but it is published at this time to get the matter of "A Southern Pilgrimage" before our people, to provoke discussion, and to prepare us for a most delightful, most profitable, and exceedingly important *missionary* adventure. It should ever be in our thought that, however pleasant as a trip this pilgrimage may be, the pleasure is not the first consideration. We are to travel to the South to encourage our Southern Universalists, to strengthen by our presence our Southern churches, to create a real bond of fellowship between our Northern and Southern members, and to remove the barriers which mutual ignorance, different habits of thought and life, and similar factors, have raised.

Now let us have letters and comments sent to and published by the *Leader*, that our officials may be guided by the sentiment of our people to the wisest course to pursue, and, above all, let us seriously consider the spiritual fruits of such a pilgrimage.

Camp Hill, Alabama.

The Congregationalists at Washington

ACTION of the National Council of Congregationalists in passing resolutions concerning closer fellowship with Universalists has already been described in the *Universalist Leader*. This action was taken unanimously and has made a deep impression upon both denominations.

Other action at Washington is set forth at length in current issues of the *Congregationalist*. We quote from an admirable summary prepared by Rolfe Cobleigh, managing editor of the *Congregationalist*, and published in *Zion's Herald:*

The National Council of Congregational Churches, which meets biennially, was in session at Washington, D. C., from Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 20, through Wednesday, Oct. 28. The meetings were held in the great new Washington Auditorium, which, by the way, is a perfectly good place for a convention if one does not care to hear what is going on. Without amplifiers, it is hopeless; with amplifiers, which were found necessary by the National Council, every speech seemed like sounding brass, but it could be heard if the speaker remembered to talk into the "machine-gun nest," as the microphones on the platform desk were fondly called. When the speakers wandered away to develop flights of eloquence they became a dumb show.

It was a big audience, especially during the early and more exciting days. The Council enrolment was the largest in the history of the Congregational churches. There were 610 voting delegates, 270 honorary members, 2,127 associate members, and 337 young people who came in special cars, chiefly from Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Ohio, and had a wonderful week-end in and out of the Council. Thus the total enrolment was 3,344.

The outstanding features of the Washington meeting were the decision to merge missionary and other societies from thirteen to two boards, the adoption of a remarkable "Statement of Social Ideals," strong and constructive declarations in behalf of entrance by the United States into the World Court, for law enforcement, for interracial justice and co-operation, for a constructive, scholarly attitude toward science and religion, and for support of China in her desire for independence and justice; also the harmonious and earnest Christian spirit which prevailed, the zeal for missionary service, the increasing recognition of women and the young people.

The paramount issue, until it was decided, was that of mergers. The Committee of Twelve, of which Rev. William Horace Day, D. D., of Bridgeport, Conn., is chairman, has been studying the questions of merging missionary societies, centralizing promotion, and possible merger of periodicals. After many hearings, much discussion, and many changes in the committee's recommendations, the National Council adopted the plans proposed by the committee for the merger of societies and for unified promotion. The problem of the periodicals was referred back to the committee for further study and report two years later. The periodicals involved are the *Missionary Herald* (foreign), the *American Missionary* (home), each monthly, and the *Congregationalist*, weekly.

The mergers can not be consummated for several years because of the legal processes involved in changing the various corporations. The purposes in view include one foreign board, three sectional women's boards to be merged into the American Board, that name being retained. Into the Congregational Home Board to be created, it is proposed to merge the following, if and when the societies named freely decide to merge and are able to do so while respecting the wishes of all donors of trust funds, and all legal requirements can be met: the Home Missionary Society, Church Building Society, Sunday School Extension Society, Education Society, Publishing Society, Foundation for Education, American Missionary Society, the Board of Ministerial Relief, and the Annuity Fund for Ministers. The Women's Home Missionary Federation, which links up with state unions, is expected to turn over its functions to the Promotional Council and Regional Committees which will be constituted under the unified promotion plan. The latter plan provides for representation from the home and foreign boards and members at large. Throughout all the new organizations there are to be at least one third women, and women are to enter into secretaryships and other official positions.

There was opposition to the mergers, but the sentiment was so overwhelmingly pro-merger that after the speeches had been made and the Committee of Twelve had made various modifications and had written in legal safeguards, the votes of adoption were practically unanimous.

A similar course was taken in the adoption of the "Statement of Social Ideals," presented by the Social Service Commission, of which John Calder of Lexington, Mass., is chairman, and Rev. Hubert C. Herring of Boston is secretary. This statement affirms: "We believe in making the social and spiritual ideals of Jesus our test for community as well as for individual life. . . . We believe this pattern ideal for a Christian social order involves the recognition of the sacredness of human life, the supreme worth of each single personality, and our common membership in one another—the brotherhood of all." Under the headings Education, Industry and Economic Relations, Agriculture, Interracial Relations, and International Relations, advanced ground in idealism is taken. The eleven industrial statements include these:

"A frank abandonment of all efforts to secure something for nothing, and recognition that all ownership is a social trust involving Christian administration for the good of all, and that the unlimited exercise of the right of private ownership is socially undesirable."

"That the first charge upon industry should be a minimum comfort wage, and that all labor should give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay."

"The right of labor to organize with representatives of its own choosing, and where able to share in the management of industrial relations."

"Encouragement of the organization of consumers' co-operatives for the more equitable distribution of the essentials of life."

The agricultural ideals seek personal and economic freedom and opportunity with emphasis upon co-operation.

The racial relations ideals seek equal rights and protection, and "co-operation between the churches of various races."

The international relations ideals include:

"The removal of every unjust barrier of trade, color, creed, and race, and the practise of equal justice for all nations."

"Discouragement of all propaganda tending to mislead people in their international relations or create prejudice."

"The replacement of selfish imperialism by such disinterested treatment of backward nations as to contribute the maximum to the welfare of each nation and of all the world."

"The abolition of military armaments by all nations except for an internal police force."

"That the Church of Christ as an institution should not be used as an instrument or an agency in the support of war."

"A permanent association of the nations for world peace and good-will, the outlawry of war, and the settling of all differences between nations by conference, arbitration, or by an international court."

A closing statement affirms Christian citizenship and patriotism expressed through the preceding ideals, the support of American institutions, "faithfulness at the ballot, respect for law, and loyal support of its administrators."

The moderator of the Council was a business man of Appleton, Wis., Frank J. Harwood. The Council elected to the new office of associate moderator Rev. Dan. F. Bradley, D. D., of Cleveland, O.; first assistant moderator, Mrs. E. A. Osbornson of Chicago; second assistant moderator, Rev. William L. Cash (colored) of New Orleans. Rev. Charles E. Burton, D. D., continues as secretary. The retiring moderator, Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, D. D., was elected president of the American Board of Foreign Missions, succeeding Professor Edward C. Moore of Harvard, who retires after a long period of service.

One of the great nights of the Council was the first one, when President Coolidge, accompanied to the platform by the gracious Mrs. Coolidge, appeared as honorary moderator, to which office he had been re-elected, and made a strong address affirming the importance of religion in government, citizenship, and all the relations of life. A group of former pastors of the Coolidge family were entertained at the White House throughout the Council. Mrs. Coolidge received the women of the Council at the White House and sent a great, beautiful basket of flowers to adorn the Council platform. By invitation the Council photograph was taken on the White House grounds with President and Mrs. Coolidge in it. Young people were in the front ranks surrounded by the women who had just been received by Mrs. Coolidge.

Important addresses were made by Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt, assistant attorney-general in charge of prohibition enforcement, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Dr. J. Percival Huget of Brooklyn, Professor Plato Durham of Atlanta, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Wayne B. Wheeler, Dr. James L. Barton, and others. The Council sermon was preached by Dr. Carl S. Patton of Los Angeles.

It was voted to change the time of meeting from October to spring or early summer. The next meeting will be held in Omaha, which was decided after a spirited contest between Omaha and Chicago.

Reactions of Our Readers

THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF SOUTH WOODSTOCK

To Miss Florence I. Adams:

The *Leader* of Aug. 1 has just come to my notice and your article on Old Home Week with description of your visit to the dear little village of South Woodstock appeals to me very strongly, as it is the birthplace of my mother, and her father and mother. My grandfather purchased the little brick house at the lower end of the village, opposite the grist mill, when old age and loss of eyesight obliged him to leave the farm where his father settled in 1780. This is where J. S. Lee lived when principal of the Green Mountain Institute, as it was then called, the change to Perkins Academy having come through conditions of a bequest by an old resident, Maj. Gaius Perkins, as late as the seventies. (I was married in that house in December, 1872, by Eli Ballou, D. D.)

The Academy building has been much changed (I was there in August for the reunion.) My student life there began at the age of twelve, when J. J. Lewis came there directly from Tufts as principal, with Henrietta Burrington (Mrs. Bingham) as preceptress. The one room of which you speak was the assembly room and in my day we sat where it chanced for morning exercises. A room at the right of the hall was used for chemistry practise, the one at the left as a reading room. The room at the head of the stairs had folding doors dividing it into two class rooms, or, open, served as a hall for social use. There were two other rooms—one for drawing, the other recitations. Students went there from all the New England states and the list would show names that have become noted both in the ministry and other lines.

The interior of the church has also been changed (to *my* mind *spoiled*). It had a choir gallery at the rear and a high pulpit, three or four steps up to the small platform with desk. All prominent preachers of the Universalist denomination have occupied that pulpit. I well remember seeing Dr. Miner there, and have a very vivid mind picture of the Rev. W. S. Balch, who always stood at one side of the desk with one hand in the pocket of his swallow-tail coat, as he preached. The Rev. W. R. Shipman was ordained in that church, which was literally packed for that occasion.

To my surprise it is a union church now, as I never knew any but Universalist preachers there.

There are very few people left there whose memory goes farther back than mine, and very few descendants of the old families, who were nearly all relatives of my people.

The place is very dear to me and it was always a pleasure to read Dr. Gunnison's allusions to Kedronville, the student name for the village, of which he was fond.

Lucy E. Tarbell.

West Springfield, Mass.

* *

CAN WE TRUST THE NEWSPAPERS?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

We are indebted to the *Springfield Republican* for the following shocking example of journalistic dishonesty:

> One of the most amazing instances of news suppression that has ever occurred in Boston came to light this week, with the detention of the man who for more than ten weeks has been throwing missiles in a crowded (Keith's) Boston theater, and at practically every performance. For more than a month the facts have been common knowledge in every Boston newspaper office, yet not a single paper had the courage to print the facts. Instead, innocent persons were permitted to attend every performance, with the practical certainty that a deadly missile would be thrown and the probability that some one would be hit. Many, in fact, have been hit, but happily none of these missiles has reached a vital spot, although several women have suffered painful injuries to their limbs.

We know nothing of the circumstances under which the missiles were thrown, and we are equally in ignorance as to the motives which led to the suppression of the news, but we know

erfectly well that in suppressing the news the Boston papers ere grossly disloyal to their readers, that they have laid themelves open to a suspicion that advertisers are not to be offended, nd they have created a bitter, if not a cynical, distrust of their robity.

Granville Hicks.

Northampton, Mass.

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HE ATTITUDE OF THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION TOWARD WAR

o the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Now that the "Captains and the Kings" (in our democratic hurch of course that includes everybody) have departed from yracuse and the Convention recedes far enough so that we can ppraise its spirit and its acts, it may be well to call the attention oth of the participants and the larger number who were not resent to at least one outstanding achievement.

How many realize the almost epoch-making change since he Providence Convention only two years ago?

We are traveling fast in two respects at least: one towards a loser rapprochement with other liberal religious fellowships, he second in our attitude towards the great problem of Inernational Peace.

The four recommendations of the Commission on Foreign ffairs and World Peace were passed without debate, almost oo readily. Indeed, a high official in the Convention remarked, I wonder if these folks know what they have done."

Let me call to your mind one of these recommendations, hat which put the Convention on record as opposed to a National Defense Day.

Two years ago this would have provoked a very lively deate and might have been defeated. This year no voice was aised in protest.

Very likely some did not really appreciate the significance f the recommendation. However, it is safe to assume that the reat majority favored the step or it would not have been taken.

It is interesting to compare this action with that of our National Y. P. C. U. Convention held in Detroit last summer, when a resolution with this identical import was defeated.

What do you say to this, you who sometimes scorn the older olks because they are so slow and conservative, while youth is lert and daring and progressive?

In this case the youth were the timid and hesitating, while he older folks were the bold and venturesome. O youth, mehinks your elders scored on you this time! Will you let them eat you in this exciting game of securing a warless world?

Another vote which even more decisively evidenced the rogress we have made in two years was that on the resolution resented by the Rev. L. G. Williams, the purport of which is o make known to the public that the Universalist Church does ot brand as unpatriotic any one who refuses to engage in miliary service even in the event of war.

A spirited debate ensued upon the presentation of this esolution, but it passed by a vote of 80 to 53. Bear in mind, lease, that this very matter was very decisively defeated at Providence—but Truth will not down.

Yes, we are moving fast towards Brotherhood. The ideal is aking form in reality.

The dream of one family here on the earth is coming true, nd the Universalist Church by its attitude at Syracuse allied tself with the agencies for human unity.

Several years ago we sounded forth a slogan, "A World Church for World Service." How much was "sound signifying nothing" and how much really purpose, I do not know. At Syracuse the phrase was not mentioned so far as I heard, but the church projected itself into the field of world service more zealously than ever before. Practise is surely better than preaching.

On the wall of my office hangs the Spiritual Program of the Christ Crusade, adopted with great enthusiasm a few years ago, a program which pledged the church to "engage in a Christ Crusade to outlaw war, establish peace, etc." How swiftly stiring shibboleths are forgotten and words to conjure with slip into oblivion. Who at Syracuse said anything about a Christ Crusade? Yet even more than when it was a rallying cry on all our lips, we were there engaged in the Master's business.

But although our banners were far advanced, victories for Peace are not won.

Many persons still are under the illusions of the old war psychology.

Intense nationalism cultivates a form of intensive patriotism which is parochial, anachronistic, and anarchistic in our present world unity.

Still must we be vigilant, earnest, and active. We must think and work.

It seems certain now that the Senate will approve the resolution for the adherence of the United States to the World Court on the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge terms—but "you never can tell." Take nothing for granted. Make assurance doubly sure, and about Dec. 10 write or telegraph your own two Senators, also Senator Borah. A like message to the Man in the White House may help to hearten him in his efforts to make our country a force for peace.

And pause not there. Entrance by the United States into the World Court will not of itself eliminate wars. There must be a wise and persistent campaign of education. If you have not already done so, will you not associate yourself with some peace activity in your home town? Put "pep" and life into it.

Your Commission on Foreign Affairs and World Peace can accomplish little towards making our church felt as a constructive force for Peace, but if you home folks in all our churches who are alive to the vital necessity of this thing we are trying to do will "get busy," then "the long pull, the strong pull, the pull all together" will get us somewhere. Let's use the laconic but stirring wartime challenge and "Let's go."

And be sure to tell your Commission what you do.

Yours for a Universalist Church leading the World to Universal Peace.

H. E. Benton.

Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

ON THE TRAIL OF A TUBERCULOSIS CURE

Helena Lorenz Williams

"Will a cure for tuberculosis ever be found?" For centuries mankind has asked this question of its gods, its scholars and, as nowadays, of its scientists. Nations have risen to power and fallen into oblivion while learned men have labored and experimented to find a panacea for the dread disease Now in 1925, is there still none forthcoming?

The question of a cure is no longer being met with the old silence. Quite unknown to the average citizen, a group of famous men is earnestly at work in hospital and university laboratories upon the cure which has eluded scientific research for ages. The work, headed by Dr. William Charles White, who is chairman of the Committee on Research, is under the direction of the National Tuberculosis Association, which for the past twenty-one years has led the campaign against this disease. Every one of these men is stalking the tubercle bacillus according to his own methods and theory of cause and treatment.

At the present time there is but one reliable cure for tuberculosis. It is fresh air, nourishing food, rest and sunshine. Which of these is the most important it would be difficult to say, but a famous doctor has said "the greatest of these is rest." A famous climate reached at the expense of nourishing food and vitally important rest will not bring about a cure, nor will good food and air be sufficient without absolute rest.

The eighteenth annual Christmas seal sale will be held in December throughout the country. Part of the proceeds from their sale will be used to finance the work of the Research Committee. It is a costly undertaking, for the equipment necessary to do the work is expensive and difficult to obtain. Every Chrismas seal that is purchased will help to hasten the discovery of a cure for the dread disease, tuberculosis.

THE MISSOURI AND KANSAS CONVENTIONS

Joseph M. Tilden

When the football man complained to the coach that the men on the other team were big fellows, the coach replied, "Yes, but the bigger they are the harder they fall." Just so with conventions, when the big ones fall they fall hard, but the little ones just don't fall at all. The Missouri Convention is a little one; I hate to think how small it is. But if you had been present at the Convention, you would surely have said there was a mistake in the Universalist Year Book concerning the number of churches in Missouri.

Of course, perhaps the fact that it was a joint meeting of Missouri and Kansas had something to do with it. Out there, where distances are so great, where the prairies became ranges, and where the mud is the muddiest in the world, they expect big things. They let you talk as long as you want. They feed you way beyond reason and they appreciate the efforts of those who travel long miles to be with them.

The Missouri-Kansas Convention was held Nov. 10, 11, and 12 in conjunction with the meeting of the Southwestern Federation of Religious Liberals in the beautiful Unitarian church of Kansas City. The pastor, the Rev. L. M. Birkhead, is a delightful host and together with our own Superintendent, James Houghton, had prepared a program full of good things.

The program was as original as its general theme, "The Service of Heretics." Before the Rev. W. M. Backas of Lawrence, Kansas, got through with us, he not only proved us all to be first-class heretics, but made us glad we were, and proud of it.

The first evening's program was a symposium on the topic, "Can the Liberals Get Together?" When Dr. Blackman, a Christian minister of Kansas City, and the Rev. A. R. Fiske, a Presbyterian preacher of Ottawa, Kansas, had finished, there was no doubt about the issue. And when Dr. Reese, the Unitarian superintendent of Chicago, and Dr. Lowe had added their testimony everybody looked for an immediate collaboration. It was really an inspiring evening.

In order to make the Missouri meeting a legal one the Wednesday evening session was held across the river in Missouri, and Dr. Lowe gave the address of his career. The Kansas City papers complimented him heartily upon his talk, "Our Denominational Program."

The women of the Missouri Valley Associate Alliance came in for a fine, inspirational meeting on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. N. G. Kent, the president, had arranged an excellent program with the principal address by Mrs. J. H. Morgan on the "Responsibilities of Liberal Women in Religion." The session fitted in finely with the general theme of the Conference.

The Rev. A. R. Fiske, formerly in our fellowship and now holding a Presbyterian pulpit, preached a powerful sermon on "The Service of Heretics." The discussion was excellent, and waxed warm when a stranger blew in and asked embarrassing questions of Mr. Fiske and Dr. Reese concerning divinity and virgin births.

The Rev. Fred A. Line of Indianapolis addressed the conference with his usual vigor and sincerity on "The Heretics as Real Christian Helpers," and Reese and Lowe again filled an afternoon on "The Force" of their respective denominations.

President Tilden of Lombard and Dr. Potter of Antioch College held the platform the last evening before an audience that taxed the capacity of the church.

The spirit of the Convention was wonderful, optimism prevailed, and what they lacked in numbers they made up in quality, in enthusiasm, and in loyalty.

While we have been talking co-operation and conjunctive endeavor elsewhere, it has been for the Southwest to blaze the trail in having a real concurrent meeting of liberals. Just as each convention has had one feature that has been outstanding, so has this convention come into the limelight by the following resolution, that was unanimously adopted and approved. They called it a manifesto—good word, that. Following is the exact reading of the important paper, which is but another evidence of the co-operation that is so apparent everywhere.

> "Liberals of the Southwest! Unite! We call upon you to get together. It is high time for us to desert our individualism. The foes of religious progress are one. Are we to stand by and permit the reactionary forces of religion to carry the day?
>
> "America never needed more than now the spirit of tolerance and liberalism. America never needed more than now a militant liberalism to free her religious life from shackling traditions. To be sure, we can not agree among ourselves as liberals. Why should we try to? Our beliefs are not common. We are wide apart in our ideas of which is fundamental.
>
> "But we are agreed in our purposes. We are in quest of the truth and of a better and richer life and a more just social order. On the basis of these common purposes let us rally around the banner of liberalism in religion!
>
> "Education, science, all our modern scholarship, the very spirit of democracy, will join with us and help forward the cause of intellectual freedom. The challenge to us as religious liberals was never greater.
>
> "Religious liberals of the great Southwest, will you accept the challenge? Will you unite?"

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Glass Partition

I am not a keeper of Fishes, and I know not very much about them. But I am told that those who own and breed them discover some interesting Facts. And I have heard that a man who kept an Aquarium had a large Tank with its side of Glass, and a Partition of Glass that ran down the middle. And on the one side of the Partition he put a Large and Savage Black Bass. And on the other side he put divers Small Fish.

And the Bass saw the Small Fish, and he rushed at them, but he struck against the Partition.

And he was surprised, but he tried it again with Similar Results.

And after he had bumped his nose Several Times he Desisted for that day.

But on the next day he was at it again bright and early that he might get his meal while the getting was good. But every time he hit the Glass.

And finally he gave it up in Disgust.

Then did the man in the Aquarium remove the Partition. And albeit the little Fish swam all around the Black Bass, he ate none of them. He had tried that game too many times, and he was sure that between him and any chance of success was an Invisible Wall. So he gave it up, and he and the Small Fish dwelt together happily ever afterward.

Now I have known men who have tried and tried to win Success in life and eventually they have given it up. For they have bumped their noses against the Partition so often that they know it is No Use. Wherefore did they accept the Situation as they found it, and now they sigh with a sense of relief because there is no use or reason for Struggle.

And I am far from advising men to make a useless effort, and to beat out their Ambition against Insuperable Obstacles. But on the other hand, I have known men who have been fooled like the Black Bass. They have retired to the Side Lines while the game was still on, and while they had a chance of making a Base Hit.

Wherefore do I say unto the Discouraged, Oh, my brother, I desire not for thee that thou cherish vain desires. We all have our limitations, and there cometh a time when we are Up Against It, and may as well accept the Situation. But, brother, if thou hast had a season of rest from the disturbing influence of ambition, start at the other end of the Tank, and try it once more. There are fish that ought to be eaten, and it may be that the Partition is no longer there.

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

What's o'Clock

By Amy Lowell Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

In one of the longer poems in this volume, "The Sisters," Miss Lowell speaks of Sapho, Mrs. Browning, and Emily Dickinson, a motley company but a distinguished one. Miss Lowell's implied claim to be of this company is not modest, but Miss Lowell made no pretense of modesty. Nor had she need to. The perspective which death gives has made increasingly sure her position. Not many people now question that she will be among the few contemporary poets whom posterity will honor.

Among the foundations on which rests Miss Lowell's hope of immortality not the least firm is her unquestioned mastery of two forms. People who have never read her poems think of her, perhaps, as the author of outlandish free verse. Full half the poems in the present volume were written in rhyme or in blank verse. The rhymes are delicate, subtle, colorful; the blank verse is noble or it is informally plastic, as the subject demands. There is a long, dramatic poem in rhymed couplets, there are sonnets, there are lyrics. But there is the free verse, too, and we defy any one to show that it is in any respect inferior to the metrical poetry. Poets use new forms because they haven't the skill to employ the old, because they have a weakness for the novel, or because they find the old inadequate. The third reason was Miss Lowell's. No contemporary poet has a better command of meter and rhyme. She knew meter and rhyme so well that she knew when not to ues them.

Mere felicity in the use of forms would not have made Miss Lowell a poet. She had the gift of painting pictures, discrimination born of the love of words, knowledge of life, familiarity with nature, and insight into human beings. Deep-rooted in New England soil, she sloughed off all provincialism, thanks to her contact with the Old World and with that older world, China, but she remained a New Englander. It is all in "Lilacs:"

"Lilacs in dooryards
Holding quiet conversations with an early moon;
Lilacs watching a deserted house
Settling sideways into the grass of an old road;
Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lopsided shock of bloom
Above a cellar dug into a hill.
You are everywhere.
You were everywhere.
You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon,
You ran along the road beside the boy going to school.
You stood by the pasture-bars to give the cows good milking,
You persuaded the housewife that her dish pan was of silver
And her husband of pure gold.

Miss Lowell might write of South Carolina, as in "The Middleton Place" or "The Vow." She might speak of "this vast, confused beauty, this staring, restless speed of loveliness," which is America, but the deepest note was when she wrote "Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are of it,
Because my flowers are for it,
Because it is my country
And I speak to it of itself
And sing of it with my own voice
Since certainly it is mine."

Artists of the future must come from such a mould. They must belong to this "people without a race, without a language, of all races, and of none," feeling the rush and sweep of contemporary life, feeling also the calmer breezes of older cultures, but feeling as well deep roots in rugged soil.

* *

The New Classicism

The Heritage of Greece and the Legacy of Rome. By E. B. Osborn. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

Greek Ethical Thought. By Hilda Oakeley. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Greek Social Life. By F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The rediscovery of Greek literature and philosophy created the Renaissance, and our modern era has been builded upon the foundation of the classics. So true has this been that for more centuries than one an educated man was a man who knew Greek and Latin. Then the Industrial Revolution came, and the conventional conception of education fell before the conviction that schooling must have a dollars and cents value. There was little harm done, however, for the study of Greek and Latin was no longer the study of rich civilizations; it was the memorization of rules of grammar and little more. College graduates of to-day know little about Greek grammar and Latin syntax, but a few at least of them know considerable about the world in which they live. And now, though the old dollars and cents conception thrives, a richer theory of education is making headway. This view holds that education is for life. It raises for education an ideal which, like considerable else in our modern world, stems from Greek civilization. Therefore, quite naturally, the new education turns back to study Greece, and the cycle is complete; once more Greek thought is a fertilizing, fructifying force.

The best thing about the contemporary interest in Greece, however, is that it seeks to be broader than formal education, to extend its influence beyond the academic pale. In such a work as Osborn's contribution to Doran's "Modern Readers' Bookshelf," we see a deliberate attempt to capture the average intelligent adult. Mr. Osborn as a writer has an aggravating fondness for parading stock phrases, but this fault can not obliterate the value of his book, the chief virtue of which is its author's enthusiasm. Let Mr. Osborn march his *cliches* up and down; underneath them is a genuine enthusiasm for Greek philosophy, Greek art, Greek drama, Latin language, and Roman government. Facts there are in the book, important facts, essential to a comprehension of Greek and Roman achievements. Sound judgments there are too, and a discerning comparison of the Greek character with the Roman. But it is Mr. Osborn's love for the classics that gives life to the book and kindles interest in the reader.

If Mr. Osborn's book serves its purpose, it will make the reader eager to learn at first-hand more about these civilizations, and in "The Library of Greek Thought" Messrs. Dutton have made it possible for him to gratify that desire. Miss Oakeley's book contains significant passages from the Greek thinkers from earliest times to the period of Roman domination. The last selection, curiously enough, is from a Roman, Marcus Aurelius, in whose meditations Stoicism received its finest statement. Plato's dialogues occupy many pages, but Aristotle and Epicurus also have their place, and the poets and dramatists figure as well. In addition to choosing her passages with wisdom, Miss Oakeley has contributed a suggestive introduction, in which she admirably summarizes the central features of Greek thought, such as devotion to proportion and harmony and confidence in the intellect.

No more valuable than Miss Oakeley's book but rather more interesting is F. A. Wright's "Greek Social Life." Much enlivened by the long passages from the comedies of Aristophanes, which both instruct and amuse the reader, it makes more than pleasant reading. The beautiful quotation from Homer, with which the book begins, the mysogynic reflections of Simonides, the gossipy extracts from law court addresses, the character sketches of Theophrastus, the scenes by Theocritus and Herodas, and the schoolboy's letter are thoroughly entertaining. At the same time the book gives a vivid picture of a civilization which differed from ours as much in its vices as in its virtues. Forms of government, standards of conduct,

ideals of citizenship, seem so divergent from ours that the occasions on which characteristics resembling our own shine through startle by the contrast. Yet the ethical problems discussed by Miss Oakeley, no less than the glimpses vouchsafed in Mr. Wright's book, remind us that the differences are superficial and that human nature and its problems remain much the same.

Mr. Wright's book and Miss Oakeley's book supplement each other most effectively. The former deals with more interesting and less familiar material, but the latter touches the aspect of Greek life which has made the greatest contribution to the world. With Mr. Osborn's little volume to kindle a desire for what they contain, they will do much to advance that knowledge of Greek life and thought which is capable of enriching our modern contemporary civilization. It is a pity that more people can not read the authors in the original Greek they quote, but it is better to know a civilization through translation than it is to know a language and to be ignorant concerning the people who spoke it.

* *

The Great Debate

Fundamentalism vs. Modernism. Edited by E. C. Vanderlaan. The H. W. Wilson Company. $2.40.

The Last Message of William Jennings Bryan. Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00.

The Beginnings of History According to the Jews. By Charles P. Fagnani. A. and C. Boni. $1.00.

Liberal Christianity. By William Pierson Merrill. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Religion of Yesterday and To-morrow. By Kirsopp Lake. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

For readers who wish to know what the fundamentalists and the modernists have to say for themselves no book could be better than the handbook which Mr. Vanderlaan has compiled. The book contains statements of the general positions of both parties, of their respective attitudes on the Bible, evolution, and miracles, and of the situation of modernists in the orthodox churches. Both sides are competently represented, the fundamentalists by Mr. Bryan, of course, Clarence Macartney, James Orr, J. Gresham Machen, and many others, the modernists by Dr. Fosdick, of course, W. P. Merrill, Glenn Frank, Leighton Parks, and many, many others. There are generous quotations from both books and periodicals, and one finds here practically all the sensational documents of the controversy, such as, for example, the famed pastoral letter of the House of Bishops, Dr. Parks' reply thereto, certain of Dr. Fosdick's sermons which received front-page space, Mr. Bryan's fulmination in the *Times* against evolution, and the replies of the scientists. The modernists have more space, but this, as Mr. Vanderlaan explains, is due to the fact that fundamentalism can be stated with some precision, whereas there are several varieties of modernism. In general it should be said that the selected quotations accurately reproduce many shades of opinion. By and large the volume serves its purpose, and it makes far from uninteresting reading.

After having freshly read Mr. Vanderlaan's selections from the writings of the Great Commoner, one is struck at the extent to which the famed "last message" is familiar material, or, as it might less respectfully be termed, "old stuff." Making due allowance for the forensic style demanded by the occasion, the address, which despite its extensive publication probably did not receive a very general reading, states Mr. Bryan's case with some effectiveness. As usual he attacks evolution, arguing almost solely from the supposed consequences of the doctrine, though with some references to the "guesses" underlying the theory. He defends the right of tax-payers to determine what shall be taught in their schools, arguing that the Tennessee law is not a limitation of free speech. There are comments on the "stern virtues, the vigilance and patriotism, of the class from which the jury is drawn," and other phrases which recall the courtroom in which the address was to have been delivered, but for the most part the address consists of the arguments which for some time had borne witness to Mr. Bryan's misguided sincerity in the cause of obscurantism. George F. Milton, editor of the *Chattanooga News* and a well-known Universalist, contributes a foreword on the writing of the message.

On the other hand we have Professor Fagnani's new translation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis with notes and comments. Dr. Fagnani's contentions are that these chapters contain much that can not be acceptable even to fundamentalists, that critical study reveals very clearly their mythological character, and that the current translations are generally misleading. So far as he is able to point out new inconsistencies, and so far as he is able to show that current conceptions are due to mistranslation, he scores against the fundamentalists, but much of his argument rests on the higher criticism, which they naturally do not accept. For liberals, however, the book has its value in that it points out certain results of scholarly investigation which are not widely known.

Dr. Merrill's book is another weapon in the modernist arsenal. It is aimed at the dubious people who don't know whether they are fundamentalists or modernists. It explains that liberal Christianity or modernism accepts the scientific method, that it emphasizes personality, that it seeks to live according to the way of Jesus, that it refuses to accept as infallible either church or Bible, that it is founded on the New Testament, and that it is the religious hope of the world. Such statements may or may not be true. Certainly they are put forth by Dr. Merrill with persuasive force. But the trouble is that he says nothing that is not said in a dozen other books published within the last two years. Because a thing has been said before does not mean that it is not true, but a book made up of things that have been said before does not deserve very much space.

What distinguishes Dr. Lake's book from the other four we have reviewed is that he deals with some of the really interesting questions relative to the controversy. It seems to us that after all the significant questions bear less on what the fundamentalists and modernists believe than on the probable outcome of the struggle. Is it morally justifiable and tactically wise for modernists to remain in the orthodox churches? Will the fundamentalists be able to force a denominational realignment and would that be a good thing? What is likely to be the effect of this controversy on the religion of the future? Is it conceivable that the modernists and fundamentalists may continue their squabbling so long that a generation will grow up estranged from Christianity? Such questions Dr. Lake raises and attempts to answer.

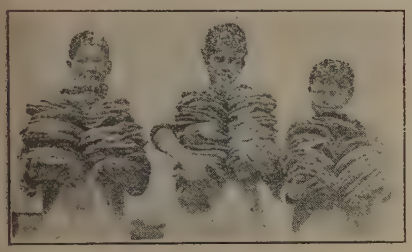
The book is divided into four essays dealing with the religion of the past and four dealing with the religion of the future. The first four discuss Catholicism, orthodox Protestantism, the furor caused by the introduction of critical study of the Bible, and the real divisions in the churches. The other four concern the creeds, God and prayer, Jesus, and the probable results of the struggle. As a trained historian Dr. Lake is able to give a remarkably clear account of the strengths and weaknesses of both Protestantism and Catholicism. As a keenly analytic observer of current trends he is able to suggest that the truly vital parties to-day are the institutionalists, the fundamentalists, and the experimentalists. As an experimentalist himself and a careful student of religion he is able to define existing attitudes toward God and Jesus. As a member of the Church of England he is able to state with convincing frankness the motives that lead a modernist to continue his affiliation with an orthodox church. In short he is singularly gifted for writing such a book as this, even though the subject seems widely removed from New Testament criticism and early church history.

The most startling note in the book is the suggestion that Christianity may not survive. "I have been unable," he writes in his preface, "to disguise my fear lest the churches leave their intellectual house-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.



"OUR DAILY BREAD"

Our Sunday schools are helping the Heavenly Father to answer the prayers of the orphans in the Near East. These boys, with their queer-looking loaves, are very industrious and very skilful. No doubt they will be bakers all their lives—and, because of their orphanage training, *good* bakers. For them and for their needy brothers and sisters, our Christmas offering will be sent.

* *

SHIPPING THE SLOGANS

Applications for the new slogans have been as numerous as those of previous years and we are now mailing the first two hundred and fifty sets. It is our earnest desire to ship all the slogans before the Christmas rush ties up the mails; therefore we urge any friends who have overlooked the matter to send in their requests without delay.

A prominent Massachusetts pastor writes: "At a recent meeting of the officers and teachers of the Sunday school, I suggested that we omit the slogans for the coming year, but all present said, 'By all means let us have them.' Last year we had a class take the slogan for the month and then on the first Sunday use and give it. This year we have given the slogans to individuals and go through the same process. This is, of course, after the slogan has been on the board, where all see it, for a month."

* *

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For the Sunday school room:

Why not give your Sunday school room a Christmas gift of a good picture?

The Missionary Education Movement is selling a beautiful reproduction in color of Harold Copping's "The Hope of the World." The price is sixty cents and suitably framed it would be a silent teacher of World Friendship for years to come.

For your Sunday school class:

The same picture, "The Hope of the World," in the same lovely coloring, may be bought in postal card size for 50 cents a dozen.

These pictures may be ordered of our own Publishing House. Ask for Art Plate reproduction in large, or postal card, size.

For young children, the Missionary Movement issues a series of books in color, similar to the Peter Rabbit books, at 60 cents each. There are three titles, "Three Camels," a story of India, "Kembo," a story of Africa, and "Ah Fu," a story of China. The attractive printing and binding and the fascinating illustrations will make the books a delight to any child, and at the same time understanding of other races will be unconsciously developed. Order of the Universalist Publishing House.

The large size Perry pictures with simple framing make an appropriate gift. Send for catalogue to the Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass.

"A Girls' Book of Prayers," by Margaret Slattery, price 35 cents, is suitable for older girls.

The W. N. M. A.

The address of the W. N. M. A. is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MINNESOTA STATE CONVENTION

On Thursday, Oct. 8, the Minnesota Convention of the W. U. M. A. was called to order in the Anoka church by the president, Mrs. L. N. McWhorter.

The devotional service was led by Mrs. W. B. Larawa. The roll call was responded to by delegates from all the Associations of the state.

The report of the state treasurer, Mrs. G. W. Cornell, showed all national quotas paid and much additional work accomplished.

Mrs. Agnes Savage, chairman for the *Bulletin*, emphasized the educational value along missionary lines to be derived from reading the *Bulletin*.

Miss Ethel Hughes gave a fine report of the work of the Clara Barton Guilds in the state.

On Friday a delicious breakfast was served by the ladies of the Congregational church of Anoka, at which Mrs. Frank Todd acted as toastmistress.

In the afternoon after two beautiful solos by Miss Ruth Hart of Anoka, Mrs. L. E. Jepson, president of the Foreign Board of Minnesota Congregational women, gave an address on "The Foreign Field To-day."

Then came committee reports and the matter of our apportionments was presented and pledge cards distributed.

Lill Y. Gregory, Secretary.

* *

MAINE MISSIONARY CONVENTION

A change in the program of the Maine State Convention gave the W. U. M S. a speaker on Monday evening, and Mrs. James W Vallentyne of Portland was the choice

Tuesday afternoon the business session was opened by Mrs. Winona Stevens in a brief devotional service Miss Helen Varney called the Convention to order.

Mrs. Vallentyne gave a brief address. Our Honorary president, Mrs. Smith, gave an inspiring message to the Convention. Mrs Howard Markley, a recent sojourner in Sunburst, gave some pictures of missionary activity in North Carolina and Tennessee.

Some recent happenings in the Sunrise Kingdom were presented. The Convention stood in silent tribute to our beloved Mother Quinby, while prayer was offered by Rev. Stanley Manning.

Pledges were received for the Extension work of the church in Maine, the Sinking Fund, the Clara Barton Memorial, the Southern Building Fund

Officers elected: Honorary president, Mrs. H. B. Smith, Mechanic Falls; president, Miss Helen Varney, Brunswick; vice-president, Mrs. Ashley Smith, Bangor; secretary, Mrs. W. E. Shedd, Portland; treasurer, Miss Georgie Bradley, Portland.

Josephine B. Folsom, Secretary.

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WISCONSIN STATE CONVENTION

The W. N. M. A. was represented at the Wisconsin State Convention in Monroe, Oct. 13 and 14, by Mrs. W. R. Corlett of Elmhurst, Ill. Mrs. Corlett gave a clear and comprehensive account of the history and work of that organization, which was received with enthusiasm.

The women from the several parishes represented, with members of three Mission Circles, consulted as to the future work and elected the following officers: President, Rev. Nellie Mann Opdale of La Crosse; vice-president, Miss Alice Phelps of Markesan; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Sarah Smith of Racine. Three new members were received.

Mrs. Corlett's visit seems to have awakened a new spirit in the hearts of the Wisconsin women, which supplied just the "push-up" necessary, and the future looks promising as a result.

* *

GIFTS TO JAPAN

Mrs. Rowe sends word that all packages sent to Japan last Christmas came through without duty charges. This is not an official notification that this will hold true this year, but just for information regarding what happened a year ago.

The address of the Blackmer Home is 50 Takata, Oimatsu Cho, Koishikawa Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Mrs. Alice G. Rowe, Mrs. Matsu Koyama Yoshioka, Miss Bernice Kent and Miss Georgene E. Bowen can be reached at this address.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Kellerman, who are removing from Hop Bottom, Pa., Dec. 1, desire to have all their correspondence addressed to them at Whitesville, N. Y.

Mr. Cornelius Greenway, who was graduated from Tufts in June, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He was also awarded the Goddard Prize in English. Mr. Greenway is paster of our church in Taunton, Mass.

Mr. L. C. Bates, a well-known layman of West Paris, Maine, was a recent visitor to Headquarters.

The address of Dr. F. B. Bishop is now 146 Ninth Ave., N. W., Miami, Florida.

OUR HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Since the Syracuse Convention, Dr. Huntley and Miss Earle have been speaking in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. On Nov. 29 Dr. Huntley will be at the First Church in Providence and Miss Earle at Gorham, N. H.; and during the succeeding ten days they will unite in field work in Rhode Island.

Dr. Harold Marshall preached at Winer Hill, Sunday, Nov. 22.

Colorado

Denver.—Rev. H. H. Niles, pastor. Two splendid congregations have greeted the pastor since his return from the Convention. The Men's Club held a meeting recently at which Prof. A. J. Fynn (a Tufts man) gave a wonderful address on "Wendell Phillips and His Time." At an earlier meeting, former District Attorney Philip S. van Cise gave a splendid address on "The Criminal Situation."

Connecticut

Hartford—Rev. Richard H. McLaughlin, pastor. All members of the Men's Club have pledged themselves to a four months go-to-church plan. The Club will also conduct a once-a-month Community Forum to be held on Sunday evenings. Forum meetings will be preceded by musical recitals, using the new Austin organ, and also vocal selections. Women of the parish are busy earning $1,000. Each woman is to earn her share by organizing some event of a social nature in the church and charging admission. The result is a happy and successful series of social occasions of considerable variety. The church school, with J. Albert Robinson as superintendent, is having a successful year. Several new classes have been organized with new teachers for all. The Young People's Christian Union is having fireside meetings followed by a social hour every Sunday evening. Six new members have joined since the fall opening. Congregations this fall are very satisfactory and growing. The parish is saddened most recently by the death of two much loved members—Miss Grace Davis, for many years a devout and faithful member, active in every good work and of intensely loyal mind and life, and Mrs. Silas H. Cornwell, of unusual musical gifts whose service to our Sunday school and church for more than twenty five years can not be measured. Such talent in one whose disposition was ever sunny, generous and helpful won the love of all for Mrs. Cornwell. Union services will be held in this church on Thanksgiving day with Congregational, Methodist and Universalist congregations uniting for the day. Mrs. Hallie Gelbart Reynolds is training the young people for a beautiful pageant to be given during the Christmas season.

New Haven.—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., pastor. Work has been started on the alterations and repairs to be made on the church building and parsonage. An addition will be built on in the rear of the parsonage, the basement floor of which will be added to the church equipment for social and other purposes. The new rooms will provide floor space of some 54 by 19 feet, part of which will be used for the pastor's office. What was formerly the parsonage will be thoroughly modernized and rented for home purposes as formerly. The estimated cost of the improvements will be in the neighborhood of $12,000.

Illinois

Litchfield—On Nov. 8, the Sunday school gave $6.05 for the Japan Mission.

Massachusetts

Springfield, Second.—Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, pastor. Our church has been prominent in the founding of a new Springfield institution, the Highland School of Religious Education, at which 225 students from all churches in the city have registered. Evening sessions are held in the buildings of the American International College. Sunday school work and methods are taught by college professors and competent leaders. Mrs. A. E. Wright represents our church on the board of directors. The Y. P. C. U. is increasing its membership. We shall much regret the loss from our workers of Mrs. W. H. Bell, who, with her family, will move shortly to Florida. Mrs. Bell acted as superintendent of a Community Daily Vacation Bible School during the summer and served as a local officer in charge of some of the work of the State Interdenominational Sunday School Convention lately held in the city. The pastor is putting in a busy year, having in addition to his parish duties his work as professor of Psychology at Springfield College. Our Men's Club supper and an autumn bazar conducted by the Bay Path Circle were quite successful. Miss Arousiac Mardrignian, an Armenian student at the American International College, gave recently before the Y. P. C. U. evening service an interesting and touching account of her life in Armenia and Turkey as a young girl during and subsequent to the World War.

Brockton.—Rev. H. Elmer Peters, pastor. Our fall activities opened Sept. 10, with a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Peters given by the parish. The affair was largely attended, all organizations of the parish being well represented. The ministers of other churches of the city, with their wives, were invited and many were present. It was a happy occasion marked by a fine spirit of harmony and good-will. A check for a generous amount was presented Mr. and Mrs. Peters, by the parish, also a bouquet of Ophelia roses to Mrs. Peters by the Ladies' Social Circle. Both presentations were made by Dr. W. H. Morrison, pastor emeritus of the church. The church services are resumed Sept. 13, with a good attendance to mark the beginning of Mr. Peters' second year as minister, and indications point to a busy, happy year. The church school is growing rapidly. There are 115 active members enrolled at present, and one or more new members come in nearly every Sunday. Under the leadership of Cyrus W. Favor, acting superintendent, the school is certainly looking up. The annual parish meeting Oct. 13 was an inspiration as to reports. The reports from all auxiliaries, as the report of the treasurer, were excellent.

Milford.—Rev. Harry Fay Fister, pastor. The seventh annual Talent Supper and Church Family Reunion on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11, proved a great success. The dining room was elaborately decorated with flags, bunting and flowers befitting Armistice Day. Mrs. Fister, the chairman, was assisted by seven women of the parish. Following the supper a happy hour was passed listening to the stories, poems, addresses, and stunts which told how the talents had increased. The talent song, written by the chairman, was sung to the tune of "My Bonnie lies over the ocean" by the entire group. At this time the net increase received amounts to $2,600 and money is still coming in.

Waltham.—Rev. H. H. Hoyt, pastor. Richard H. Bird was duly installed as superintendent of the church school on Sunday, Nov. 1. Father and Son Week was fittingly observed, with the banquet coming on Wednesday, Nov. 11. On Nov. 19 the Social Circle gave a pancake supper. The usual offering received at Christmas for the charitable work was this year moved ahead to Thanksgiving time. The sum of $500 was asked for. The annual fair, under the name of the Carnival of Holidays, will be held on Dec. 2 and 3.

Eleven young people from our church attended the Y. P. C. U. Convention in Lawrence in October.

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, D. D., pastor. The Mission Circle will send out Thanksgiving baskets to Franklin homes, according to its custom for many years. The Sewing Circle will continue the same good work at Christmas. Dr. Marvin has made many addresses to various clubs and student organizations since his re. turn from Europe. His Armistice Sunday sermon on "French Battlefields Revisited" attracted a large congregation, including many ex-service men outside our parish.

Lynn.—Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., pastor For several years now the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving Day has been kept by our church as "Family Sunday" Thanksgiving is a family festival. As such it has both a religious and domestic significance. Dr. Perkins preached upon the subject, "Your Family and Mine." The music was from Maunder's "Song of Thanksgiving."

Malden.—Rev. Clarence J. Cowing, pastor. Our church put on its annual every-member canvass on Sunday, Nov. 22. The annual Travelers' Sale of the Women's Ausiliary will be held on Monday afternoon and evening, Dec. 7. The Y. P. C. U. is having an average attendance of thirty at its Sunday evening meetings. The interest has never been better than it is now.

Attleboro.—Rev. Isaac V. Lobdell, pastor. Sunday, Nov. 15, was "Go to Church" day sponsored by the Attleboro Chamber of Commerce. Our congregation looked like an Easter congregation. The church was filled. The every-member canvass to cover a budget of over $9,000 is going forward to sure success. Seven from this parish were present at the Syracuse Convention. We are already beginning to plan on going to Hartford with a great many more than that.

Salem.—Rev. L. V. Nichols, pastor. On Sunday evening, Nov. 15, the minister presented by pictures the story of "The Miracle" now running in Boston. The pictures offered were made from the presentation of the great pageant as offered recently in New York. The cause of the Near East Relief was presented to our people on Nov. 15 by Miss Mary C. Holmes. The November meeting of the Men's Club occurred on the 23d, with William J. Sullivan, Collector of Customs, as the speaker.

New Hampshire

Kensington.—Rev. A. M. Bradley of Kingston, acting pastor of the Kensington society, closed his services for this season Sunday, Nov. 8, having occupied the pulpit since May. On Monday, the 9th, he officiated in the church at the funeral of Mrs. Isabel C. Moulton, widow of the late B. G. Moulton, the last to bear the name, which is to be kept in mind by the Moulton Circle organized in 1915. She was born here in 1854 and lived here nearly all her life, spending the past few years with her only surviving brother, John S. Wadleigh, and his daughter, Miss Edna, in Amesbury, Mass. She died at the Exeter hospital where she had been a patient since August. Mr. Moulton and his sister, Miss Hannah, left funds of which the income only was to be used for Universalist preaching. By permission of the New Hampshire Court the unexpended income of the past few years was used last spring to renew the plastered ceiling and paint the inside of the building, the outside having been painted previously. A tablet was placed on the outside bearing the inscription: "Universalist Church 1840-1865." It was built in 1840 by Universalists, Unitarians and Congregationalists, as a Union Society. The Universalist Society was organized in 1865. In 1913 the Union Society deeded the building to the Universalists, the pew owners still retaining their claim. Moulton's Ridge is the most prominent elevation in the southeastern corner of New Hampshire, and has been visited by many Universalist ministers in their college days at Tufts as well as in later years. The Rockingham Association is expected to meet here next September.

Marlboro.—Rev. Owen R. Washburn, pastor. The annual fair and entertainment given by the Ladies' Circle was the most successful of any in recent years. The booths for the sale of foods, quilts and the usual list of supplies each sold all that was offered, and every seat in the town hall was sold for the drama given during the evening. Many visitors from neighboring towns attended. The night before Thanksgiving the church arranged for games for the young people, under the leadership of the organizer of the county Y. M. C. A. organization of the Pioneers. The serving of light refreshments Sunday nights, following the Y. P. C. U. meetings, has resulted in pleasant social half hours and in continuing improvement in attendance and interest. A series of lantern pictures of popular plays to be given once or twice a month has been decided upon. A special social to welcome home the boys and girls away at college, is to be held during the vacation.

Nashua.—A service of unusual merit was enjoyed by a large congregation on Sunday morning, Nov. 15, the occasion being the observance of Church School Day, arranged and carried out under the direction of the Committee on Religious Education. Devotions were conducted by the pastor and the program was announced by the superintendent, Charles E. Johnson. The theme of the morning was "An Up-to-Date Graded Church School by Departments." Short but interesting accounts of the work and aims of each department were given by departmental superintendents: Cradle Roll, Mrs. Harold Damon; Beginners, Miss Virginia Flather; Primary, Miss Ella Marshall; Juniors, Miss Emily Nelson; Intermediate, Miss Arlene Proctor; Senior and Young People, Mr. Earl Keniston; Adult, Mr. Harry Lyons. Reports were also heard from three young ladies who attended the Northern New England School of Religious Education last summer at the University of New Hampshire, Miss Ruth Farwell, Miss Thelma Taggart, and Miss Alma Mansfield. A word of greeting was also given by Dean Nellie T. Hendricks of that school. Among the features of the service was an exhibition of our Workers' Library, numbering 150 books and containing the very latest publications on religious education and kindred topics. The circulation of this library has been largely responsible for the conducting of our church school according to the most progressive ideas and methods. These books are secured through a fund the interest from which is devoted to this end.

Rhode Island

Providence, First.—The First Church of Providence is still without a pastor. Rev. Hazel I. Kirk preached recently on "Success." The people are active. The Kings' Daughters held their annual sale, on Saturday, Nov. 14, and the Rhode Island Conference met here Thursday, Nov. 12. A joint committee of the church and parish has been instructed to arrange for securing the services of a man, preferably young, who will act as director of religious education.

Vermont

Rutland.—The people of St. Paul's Church are cordially welcoming their new pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Arnold S. Yantis. There seems to be a new spirit of joy and hope and desire for service in this beautiful church. Congregations are larger than they have been in years. At the meeting of the Men's Club Thursday night, Nov. 12, seventy-five men were present. John Spargo was the speaker. The Men's Club meets once a month, and is the largest club of the kind in the city. The Boy Scout troop meets Monday evenings in the vestry under the leadership of Scoutmaster Cola Cleveland. This troop has about twenty boys. The young people of the church held their first rally this fall, Sunday evening, Nov. 22. The Ladies' Aid will furnish supper to more than 200 people in the Masonic Temple Thanksgiving eve. The members are planning for a Christmas sale and many other interesting events. The Mission Circle is holding regular meetings. The members are sewing to aid the district nurse. At the every-member canvass held Sunday, Nov. 15, under the direction of the finance committee, the men reported the best results they have ever had in this annual canvass. Mr. and Mrs. Yantis are happy in their new home and

delighted over the prospects for useful service in this beautiful little Green Mountain city.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 26)

cleaning too late, so that the generation now growing up will turn its back on all organized forms of Christianity." This house-cleaning, he believes, will include the frank acceptance of the experimentalist point of view, the abolition of creeds as statements of belief though not as adjuncts of worship, the adoption of a broader view of God, and a fresh attempt to understand Jesus. In addition he foresees a change of attitude with regard to philanthropy, morals, and education as church interests. He is confident that there will be a religion of to-morrow and that it will possess some of the characteristics he describes, but he is not sure but what a fundamentalist victory in the churches or some other untoward circumstance may so result that this religion will not bear the name of Christianity. This he believes would be highly unfortunate, and it is in the hope of helping to forestall such a catastrophe that his book is written.

Dr. Lake's book is interesting because he has the gift of epigram and because he has a quick and original mind. The reader catches his breath and brushes the cobwebs out of his brain. With many of Dr. Lake's conclusions the reviewer disagrees, but he considers the book valuable not only because it is brilliantly stimulating, but also because it penetrates below the words which the fundamentalists and the modernists bandy so glibly. Professor Lake recognizes that beneath these verbal, not to say verbose, clashes are attitudes of mind, and that these attitudes of mind are significant because of the glimpses they give of possible developments. In a sense he is "above the battle," and yet his hopes and fears are very real.

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A meeting will be held at Universalist Headquarters at 12.15 p. m. Nov. 30 for the examination of Miss Alice V. Jewel for ordination.

H. E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

WORLD'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION

Seventh Convention

In the name of the Christian Endeavorers of Great Britain and Ireland, we, the officers of the World's Christian Endeavor Union and co-operating Unions, invite Christian Endeavorers from all nations to attend the World's Seventh Christian Endeavor Convention, to be held in London, England, July 16-21, 1926.

This Convention will have as its motto, "The Youth of the World for Christ and the Church." The daily program will cover every phase of Christian Endeavor work at home and in the mission fields.

British hospitality is cordially offered, and a warm welcome is assured to all who find their way to the Convention. All who purpose attending should make early application for further particulars. Delegates from America, Canada, and Mexico should communicate with Mr. E. P. Gates, United Society of Christian Endeavor, 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, and all others with Rev. Herbert Halliwell, British Christian Endeavor Headquarters, 53 Old Bailey, London, E. C. 4.

Francis E. Clark,
President World's Christian Endeavor Union.
Daniel J. Poling,
President United Society of Christian Endeavor.
E. P. Gates,
Secretary World's Christian Endeavor Union.
James Kelly,
President European Christian Endeavor Union.
Herbert Halliwell,
Secretary to the Convention Committee.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The license of Miss Marguerite G. Pearman, granted by the Massachusetts Committee of Fellowship, was approved.

Rev. Hugo Perdelwitz was transferred to Massachusetts.

A lay preacher's license was granted Mr. George U. Scudder.

The license of Miss Ruth Owen was renewed.

Allen Brown, Secretary.

* *

OUR MISSIONARIES

The following is a list of our missionaries in Japan for whose names and addresses many people have been asking:

Rev. and Mrs. Henry M. Cary, and five children, 1752 E Higashinakano, Tokyo Fu, Tokyo, Japan.

Mrs. Alice G. Rowe, 50 Takata, Oimatsu Cho, Koishikawa Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Miss Bernice Kent, 50 Takata, Oimatsu Cho, Koishikawa Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Miss Georgene Bowen, 50 Takata, Oimatsu Cho, Koishikawa Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Mrs. Matsu Koyama Yoshioka, 119 Zoshigaga Cho, Koishikawa, Tokyo, Japan.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifford R. Stetson, and two children, 33 Nichome Higashi, Kusabuka, Shizuoka, Japan.

Rev. Napichero Nagano, 2 Nichome Higashi Kataha Cho, Higashi Ku, Nagoya, Japan.

Rev. Aishi Terazawa, 8-167 Otto Cho, Shizuoka, Japan.

Rev. Sempo Ito, 5 Schichome Iidamachi Kojimachi, Tokyo, Japan.

Mr. Cho, address care of Mr. Cary.

Mr. Mizumukai, address care of Mr. Cary.

* *

PULPIT BIBLE

The Secretary of the General Convention has a large pulpit Bible to be given to some church which needs one. Write to Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Obituary

Miss Sarah Eleanor Hanson

Miss Sarah Eleanor Hanson, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. J. W. and Emily Rice Hanson, passed away at the Wesley Hospital in Chicago, Oct. 24, 1925.

During the pastorate of Dr. A. J. Canfield at St. Paul's Church, Chicago, Miss Hanson served as parish assistant. Her many social qualities enabled her to fill this position most successfully. Interested in education, she became a student of kindergarten work. As principal of the Chicago Free Kindergarten Training School her kindly influence and genius for friendship touched the lives of many who will miss this loyal comrade.

Surviving Miss Hanson are a sister and brother, Mrs. E. H. Simmons of Tarpon Springs, Florida, and J. W. Hanson of New York City.

Miss Cornelia A. Lee

At Rochester, N. Y., on Oct. 14, there passed into the life eternal a beautiful character in the person of Miss Cornelia A. Lee. Miss Lee was born in Camillus, Onondaga County, N. Y., on Dec. 7, 1849, and for forty-six years had been a resident of Rochester, where she and her brother had a home which was the restful haven of many friends for whom there always was a cordial relcome. Miss Lee was an ardent Universalist, as were her father and mother, the latter the only daughter of Judge Samuel Dill of Camillus, a Scotch Irish Presbyterian who was one of the earliest converts to the Universalist faith.

Though frail in body for many years, her mental faculties showed no abatement in strength or activity. Charitable in all things, and most forgiving in disposition, she was ever thinking of others and of some way of serving them. She had been in her usual health and spirits during the summer, and made preparations for spending the cold months at her winter home in Avon Park, Florida, as she and her brother had for fourteen years. A severe heart attack came on three days before the ending, which was peaceful, as her life had been.

Miss Grace I. Davis

Miss Grace I. Davis died at her home in Hartford, Conn., Nov. 11. Her parents were Rev. Samuel A. and Mrs. Charlotte (Keyes) Davis, and she was born June 21, 1855, in Bethel, Vermont, while her father was pastor of the Universalist church there.

The greater part of her life was spent in Hartford, where she was a loyal member of the Church of the Redeemer.

She leaves three sisters—Miss Minnie S. Davis and Miss Marion L. Davis of Hartford and Mrs. A. Brainard Case of Los Angeles, Cal.—and a number of nephews and nieces.

Her pastor, Rev. R. H. McLaughlin, conducted the funeral services.

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During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, Mamma!
I'm going to make a pie.
For Dad will be hungry and tired, Ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gram of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of casein, Ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, Ma,
And look at the thermostat.
And if the electric oven is cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as Dad comes home.

Farm Journal.

* *

Two young Congregationalists were brought to the recent National Council in Washington by their parents from Vermont.

"What are those four funny little watches hanging up there in front of the talking man?" asked Billy.

The parents knew that these were the microphones connected with the loud-speaking apparatus. But Sally didn't know it. "They're to keep the man from talking too long," she replied. "One watch isn't enough to stop a preacher when he gets going."—*Congregationalist.*

* *

The place where you turned into the lane when bringing home the cows has been rented for a barbecue. Just across the way a company has leased ground from Grandpa for a filling station. The wood lot is a camp for tin-can tourists. The old homestead is an antique shop. The pasture is a golf course. Grandpa is a Floridian. The only familiar thing about the old farm is the mortgage.—*Life.*

* *

Tramp: "Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman around here?"

Polite Pedestrian: "No, I am sorry to say I have not."

Tramp: "Thank you. Now will you kindly hand over your purse and watch?" —*Buffalo Bison.*

* *

An incentive to intensive study lies in the subtle suggestion of Dr. J. R. Jacks, K. K. K. minister of Essex County, N. J. "When the general public understands us better," says Dr. Jacks, "Klan funerals will become every-day events."—*F. P. A.*

* *

"I am sorry I married you," sobbed the bride.

"You ought to be," he replied, "you cheated some other girl out of a mighty fine husband."—*Bison.*

* *

He: "I came back from the golf links last night chilled to the bone"

She: "What! Didn't you wear a hat?" *Toronto Goblin.*

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